THE MARION DAILY STAR.

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THE ARMOR.

ds Attack the American
sulate at Barcelona.

LICE PREVENT OUTRAGE.

at Madrid Guarded by De-
tachment of Police.

TROUBLE THREATENED.

ge: That Three Months After
ing on Fort Sumpter the Gov-
of Spain Recognized the Jeff
overnment and That the United
Have Allowed Twelve Years of
Butchery In Cuba Before Grant-
Cubans the Rights They Ought
Had Long Ago.

ON, Spain, March 2.—The
recognition and hate against
STATES, which seems to have
session of the heart of all
r the action of the United
ears in recognizing the pro-
government of Cuba as being
d in calling upon President
l to use his good offices with
secure the independence of
minated in violent scenes here
ttack upon the United States

uable did not arise out of the
ous formation of the mob
d the violence, but was the out-
a public meeting which had
n used by fervid speeches.
ublic demonstration to protest
the United States senate's ac-
organized by the political lead-
aking Republicans and men of
of political sentiment.
s 3 o'clock in the afternoon
e meeting had assembled and
re fully 15,000 people present.
ter of high patriotic enthusi-
ripe for any manifestation of
ions which possessed them.
were addressed by the orators
for the occasion, and the pur-
he meeting explained as one of
ainst the recognition of the
overnment as a belligerent
e United States senate.
irit of the crowd took fire and
oft for the United States con-
The leaders who had originated
ing seemed to have realized the
onsequences that might follow
emonstration that took this di-
and they made every effort to
the mob from its purpose. But
most efforts were of no avail.
uthorities of the city had by this
en alarm and a force of police
to the consulate. The excited
as not intimidated by this show
from gathering before the con-
ad shouting "Long live Spain"
own with the Yankees."
verbal missiles did not long
he aroused passions of the mob,
short time stones began flying
crowd, which broke a number
ows in the United States con-

orce of police waited for no fur-
anifestation, but charged the
nder the orders of their officers
ghly dispersed them, wounding
So far as learned there were
results.
driven away from the United
nsulate the crowd marched off
reference of police and gathered
newspaper offices. There they
to more fervid oratory and got
ves worked up to the highest
enthusiasm and patriotic spirit.
nilitary club in the city was also
of excitement and there were
owing speeches indulged in to
nor of the army, which were
listened to and greeted with
ers.

Wrath and Excitement.

ID, March 2.—Wrath and excite-
characterized the day here. In
this the Spanish authorities
strong guard of police to the
States legation and prevented
k there by those who have little
on of the power and resources
nited States.
minister of marine, Admiral
Beranger, has issued orders for
ning squadron to be prepared to
is regarded as probable that
adron will proceed shortly to

also been ordered that all other
s available be forthwith armed
pped and put into condition for

In addition to this about 50
ht steamers, available for the
ment service, will be provided
ival armaments.
he military branch of the service
expedition of 20,000 infantry
0 cavalry will be equipped and
a war footing and will be kept
adiness to leave on the shortest

things reach the goal which
ans desire," says The Imparial
ople of Spain will rise against
States. Neither in the Medi-
an, whose entrance we com-
nor in the Atlantic, will an
an merchantman be safe, for we
ganize privateers on a great
We conquered Napoleon by
warfare and we shall employ a
of privateers to overcome a trad-
on.
rmans are wrong to judge Spain
analogies. There are things which
ndure to revenge. Some mer-
antmen have offered already to
their steamers as privateers. A
of Barcelona asks for letters of
, offering to equip and maintain
ost steamer at his own cost."

Uncle John Thanked.

, March 2.—The Cuban colony
s telegraphed its thanks to Sena-
Sherman, chairman of the sen-
mittee on foreign relations, for
h in the senate in support of
urrent resolution on the Cuban

It Inspires Cuban Success.

, March 2.—Senor Betances, the
atative of the Cuban republicans

in Paris, in an interview declares that the United States senate's action has insured the speedy triumph of the insurgents, probably within three months.

Could Wipe Her Off the Earth.

LONDON, March 2.—An editorial in The Chronicle says: "Spain seems to be losing her head. She had better restrain herself. No great harm has been done. If General Weyler suppresses this rebellion in a few months the Cuban question will retire into the background until the next revolution comes. Spain can not expect to hold out forever against the western world. She must remember what she lost by a too rigid abhorrence of rights. Will she throw away Cuba, one of the few relics of her grand western empire? If it comes to a struggle America could wipe Spain off the earth either by sea or land."

ADDITIONAL TROUBLE FOR HER.

Spain Will Have to Answer For Act of Her Mobs.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—Intense intense interest centered here in the dispatches showing the demonstrative feelings existing in Spain against the Americans regarding the Cuban question and the statement that the government is increasing its naval force. Public men interested in the question expressed no surprise at the demonstrations which have occurred: in fact, such were expected.

The speeches in the senate, extracts of which have no doubt been published in the Spanish papers, have had their influence upon the masses of the people, and they, impulsive, excited and inspired with patriotic feelings, have thrown them in an unfriendly move against United States officials. The whole matter is regarded here simply as that of mob violence, of which the Spanish government has not in any manner been responsible.

So far as could be learned no official news had been received here by the government. Steps undoubtedly will be taken very promptly to ascertain the situation through state department channels if Minister Taylor at Madrid or Consul Bowen at Barcelona do not anticipate the officials and make a report.

The Spanish minister, Senor de Lome, heard of the happenings in Spain through the press, and he was besieged by the reporters for an expression of his opinion. He diplomatically declined, however, to say anything for publication pending news from his government, which he expects to receive. The violation of the consulate of the United States at Barcelona makes a disavowal necessary by Spain, and the United States probably will require of the Spanish government that amends will be made.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, speaking of the attack on the consulate at Barcelona, said:

"The news from Spain is grave, for it shows that the Spanish people and the Spanish editors utterly fail to comprehend the situation here. They forget that they recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy within three months after Sumter was fired upon, while we allowed 10 years to pass in the last Cuban war and one year in this before moving. We have shown a long forbearance which they failed to show to us.

"I can not believe that the Spanish minister has been instructed to protest against the action and speeches of the senate. Such a step is inconceivable. As Mr. Webster said in the famous Hulsemann letter, it would be an interference with our domestic affairs which no independent state could admit for a moment. I trust and believe the Spanish government understands their situation and ours better than those Spanish newspapers and popular meetings appear to do, and I have no doubt they do.

"There is nothing in all this which should affect us. The United States must do what is right and what it is their duty to do. We can not suffer that useless and brutal warfare to go on and that slaughter house to be maintained and our large business interests in Cuba to be destroyed right at our doors and under our eyes without protest and without every effort which a great and civilized nation should make to end it and to restore peace to the island and to a people struggling for a freedom which we ourselves enjoy."

A WARSHIP WANTED.

The Nicaraguan War Has Caused Alarm at Corinto.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, March 2.—Reports received here indicate that the presence of a war vessel of the United States at Corinto is very much needed, as there is great danger that the custom houses there will be seized and the merchandise it contains captured or destroyed.

The German minister to Guatemala, Herr W. Von Bergen, has sent a cable dispatch to United States Minister Lewis Baker, urging that peace be declared in Nicaragua and the differences which have led to the outbreak settled. Mr. Baker has replied that diplomatic interference will not be accepted here, and that war alone can settle the differences that have arisen.

CLAUDE SENDS AN ANSWER.

The Hoosier Governor Will Call No Special Session.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 2.—Governor Matthews today sent to Chairman Gowdy of the Republican state committee a formal letter refusing to convene the general assembly in special session to make a new apportionment law. He says the extra session would cost the people of the state $25,000 and would accomplish no good, as the legislature of 1897 will pass an apportionment law.

Receipts Exceed Expenditures.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The treasury statement will show an excess of receipts over expenditures for the month of February of $127,540. The receipts for the month are given as follows: Customs, $4,936,444; internal revenue, $10,806,755; miscellaneous, $1,346,082; total, $26,059,228. The expenditures for the month amounted to $25,931,689.

TRUE AMERICANS.

Ballington Booth and Wife Will Remain With Us.

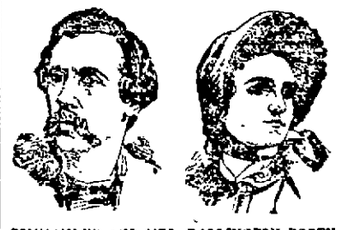
AN AMERICAN SALVATION ARMY.

The Ex-Commander Finally Decides That the General Can Not Drive Him Out of God's Vineyard—His Efforts Will Be Made Purely on an American Line From This Time On.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Ballington Booth, ex-commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, gave out the following statement:

Being continually pressed upon all sides to state definitely the action we shall take in the future, we now desire to make known our present position.

We did not wish it said we had taken the Salvation Army—that we had through ambition swept the organization in this country out of the general's hands, or that we had taken property which we had acquired while owing allegiance to him. Furthermore, we did not



COMMANDER AND MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

want to influence those under his authority, through their loyalty and steadfastness to us, nor have it said we had proved faithless to a trust reposed in us so far as administration was concerned. We had no alternative but to accept our dismissal, which closed our allegianceship and negotiations with London.

We can not, however, close our eyes to the fact that we have another allegiance; we are not our own and can not dispose of our lives and influences to please ourselves. God has called us to work for him. We dare not, therefore, remain idle. We have also at heart the interests of our country, which so loudly calls us to continue our mission. Seeing that the people of the United States of America in an urgent and unmistakable manner have voiced their desire, we shall inaugurate a movement affording an opportunity to continue our labors for the uplifting of the unchurched and unchristian people of our country, and as there appears to be no alternative between this course and retiring from public service, we have decided on the former course of action. The United States, with its vast and everlasting population, should have room for such efforts without unchristian warring.

It would be premature to decide on the details of our labors. We seek God's leading and an organization can not be formed within a day, and one that owns Christ as its head can not be founded on the opinion and enthusiasm of the moment. We shall probably have but a small beginning and gain step by step.

We shall assuredly, under any circumstances, stand for the principles we have hitherto upheld, having for our aim the saving of souls, the unity of effort in work, spiritual plainness and self-sacrifice and simplicity of dress that speaks of our Christ following.

We can not at this juncture, overstrained in nerve, give the date when we shall be able to commence work. Indeed, it will be seen to be wise to do nothing in haste, lest it should be ill done, but to do all with forethought, that it may be well and permanently done. We are most anxious not to act on impulse or under strong pressure, but as God shall guide us through circumstances and with cool and calm judgment as to what we believe and feel to be right. In closing we desire to assure all who are interested in this matter that we have earnestly consecrated our lives to the service of strengthening righteous principles and extending God's kingdom in America.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

English Idea Not Popular.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth would head a separate religious movement interested a large body of the officers as well as the rank and file of the Salvation Army in this city.

There was the usual revival meeting held at the Twenty-fourth Street headquarters where Captain Keith was conductor, but none of the speakers made any reference to the army troubles.

Few members of the army were willing to express openly their feelings toward the new movement, but it was plain from their demeanor that their old leader had still the strongest hold on their affections, and most of them will, in the event of a separate movement, follow his lead rather than that of Eva Booth.

Little Eva Was Hissed.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Eva Booth and Colonel Nicoll led a meeting of the Salvation Army at Cooper Union. The large hall was crowded and friends of Ballington Booth and his wife were evidently in the majority. Colonel Nicoll and Miss Booth were greeted with hisses as they ascended the platform and it was at least 10 minutes before order could be restored.

Why They Are Alive.

LONDON, March 2.—Sir John Willoughby, who was in military command of the Jameson raid, publishes the correspondence which was exchanged on the field of battle at Krugersdorp with the Boer commandant, according to which the sparing of the lives of the captured was the condition upon which the surrender was made. The Boers offered to save the lives if Sir Willoughby undertook to pay the expenses to the Transvaal.

An Insane Man Suicids.

FLINT, Mich., March 2.—Walter R. Gregg of Lapeer was placed in the insane asylum at Oak Grove Saturday, and Sunday while out walking he attacked his attendant and finally got away. After running a mile he plunged an ink eraser into his neck and soon expired.

Have Swapped Garden Spots.

ROME, March 2.—Negotiations have been almost concluded between England and Italy for the exchange of Zeila, on the Strait of Bab El Mandeb, for Kassala in Nubia.

Deaths in Peru.

LIMA, Peru, March 2.—It is announced that Archbishop Same and General Osma are dying. President Pierola's daughter Victoria died Saturday night.

CONGRESSIONAL FORECASTS.

Cuban Resolution Will Be the Feature In the House.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The senate probably will pass the agricultural appropriation bill early in the week.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon, chairman of the commission on privileges and elections, has given notice of his intention to call up the Dupont election case on Wednesday. He will make a speech on this subject at that time supporting the claim of Mr. Dupont to the vacant Delaware seat, and will be followed by Mr. Turpie in support of the views of the minority. Senator Pritchard is scheduled to follow Mr. Turpie, and other members of the commission will be heard later.

Senator Beery will make another effort during the week to secure consideration of the bill providing for settlement of the accounts between the state of Arkansas and the United States, and Senator McBride will make a like effort on his bill providing for the refunding of $1.25 per acere paid on land embraced in railroad land grants.

The calendar continues to grow and will afford plenty of material for work if circumstances permit it to be taken up. It is also probable that Senator Teller will find opportunity during the week to discuss the tariff bill as it relates to the silver question, and there may be other speeches in the same line with an effort to secure a vote on the motion to recommit.

In the House.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—The conspicuous feature of the house proceedings this week will be in connection with resolutions which the committee on foreign affairs reported and which are now on the calendar. After the objection raised by Mr. Boutelle on Thursday last it became almost certain that unanimous consent could not be secured for the consideration of the resolutions, and as the senate resolutions were referred on Friday to the foreign affairs committee it is certain unusual methods will be required to get the subject before the house.

PRELUDE TO A SERMON.

Rev. Dixon Attacks the Coal Combine In a Daring Manner.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., preached in the academy of music, and in a prelude to his regular sermon paid his respects to the coal combine. The attorney general, he said, has announced that he has no power to interfere with the combine, because the laws now are framed so as not to give him the authority. Under the laws it was impossible to prevent these people from combining and increasing the price of coal. The result will be that people will starve for want of heat, coal being as essential as water. Factories will stop that can not pay the proposed increase of 40 cents a ton, people will be thrown out of employment and the people will freeze.

The members of the coal combine were guilty of murder, he said, just as much so as if they had driven daggers into the hearts of their victims. The men who have gone into this combine, he said, have gone into it for the sake of dividends, for the money there is in it, regardless of the necessities of the people.

Ran Into a Timber Train.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 2.—A fast train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, northbound, ran into a timber car at Bolling, about 50 miles south of Montgomery. The boiler was crushed in and Engineer Harvey Adams was so severely scalded that he died in six hours. A negro fireman had one arm broken and was badly but not fatally scalded.

Climbed Into the Rigging.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The Atlas line steamer Ailsa was run down by the French liner Bourgogne off Fort Hamilton and sunk in 50 feet of water. The passengers and crew climbed into the rigging and were rescued by a tug.

The Painters Conclude to Strike.

PITTSBURG, March 2.—The Brotherhood of Painters of this city and Allegheny decided to inaugurate a strike for the wage scale submitted to the masters some time ago. The scale calls for $3 a day of 9 hours each.

Faure Will Meet Gladstone.

PARIS, March 2.—President Faure has acceded to the request of Mr. Gladstone for an interview during the president's visit to Cannes. The interview has been fixed for Tuesday next.

Steamship Damaged by Fire.

NEW ORLEANS, March 2.—Fire broke out in the forward hold of the British steamship Capella. The damage is estimated at $25,000, insured.

Killed by a Train.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., March 2.—Austin Suttery, 35, coatmaker of Goshen, Ind., was struck by a Big Four train and killed.

Destructive Blaze at Halifax.

HALIFAX, March 2. — Gordon & Keith's furniture warerooms and factory were destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of about $250,000. Adjacent stores were badly damaged.

Killed In a Saloon.

FOWLER, Ind., March 2.—Freeman Pritchett, saloonist, killed Frank Ducharme because the latter refused to pay a 90-cent whisky bill.

Alleged Forger Surrenders.

FRANKLIN, Ind., March 2.—A young man named Simpkins who is wanted at Janesville, Wis., for forgery, surrendered himself here.

Weather Indications.

For Ohio and West Virginia—Clearing in the early morning; fair and colder; north westerly winds.

For Indiana—Fair and colder; northerly winds.

SHOT A PRISONER.

He Was Thrown Overboard and Then Murdered.

A WHIRLWIND IN SANTA CLARA.

Great Damage Done to Property and One Person Killed—Gunboat Hernan Cortez Fires on a Steamer Which Refused to Halt at Command of the Spaniard. The Steamer Escaped In the Darkness.

HAVANA, March 2.—A terrible whirlwind passed through Los Abrens at 7 o'clock in the evening of Feb. 28, doing an immense amount of damage. The town is situated in the southwestern part of the province of Santa Clara.

Among the injured was the lieutenant of the civil guards. The wife of the military commander of the police was also wounded in the head so seriously that she has since died. The warehouse of Vointalva and the station platforms were destroyed.

The money lost from the whirlwind has not been estimated, but it is known to be immense. The inhabitants are in a pitiable condition. Their loss on crops is very large.

A political prisoner was being sent from here to Ceuta, the convict settlement in Africa, when he was thrown overboard, and a guard killed him while he was trying to save himself from drowning.

The gunboat Hernan Cortez had a chase after a suspicious steamer off Matanzas. The steamer was running at full speed and she put out her lights when the gunboat appeared and disappeared in the darkness of the night. The gunboat fired first a blank cartridge and then a solid shot in an effort to stop the fugitive, but without effect.

RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS.

New England States Experience Their Rainy Season.

HARTFORD, March 2.—The great rainstorm which was in progress all day Saturday and Sunday caused the greatest damage to property throughout the state known in 20 years. Many serious accidents, washouts and wrecks are reported.

The bursting of the old copper mine dam in the town of Bristol caused the greatest flood ever known in that section, and it is estimated the damage will reach over $100,000 from this alone. People living along the banks of the Pequabeck river were obliged to leave their houses in the darkness and many lost nearly everything they possessed.

Ten highway bridges across the river were swept away and the tracks of the New England railway were washed out in many places. A bad freight wreck occurred near Forestville. The engine of a special freight ran into a washout and was capsized. Seven cars were smashed to atoms and one of the trainmen badly injured.

The Philadelphia, Reading and New England railroad track is under water in many places, and traffic has been suspended. The loss in Litchfield county alone is estimated at nearly $100,000.

At Brooklyn a well known mill owner lost his life and several accidents are reported from many sections.

Mother and Son Killed.

LONG ISLAND CITY, March 2.—The outcome of one of the many Sunday mixed ale parties in the oil works district of this city was the death of Mrs. Mary Kraemer and her son Michael. They both died from a bullet in the brain. Henry Boehler was found in the room with a revolver in his hand.

Killed by a Policeman.

ALEXANDRIA, Ind., March 2.—Policeman Graham shot and killed John Worthington, who resisted arrest and knocked several of the officer's teeth out. Worthington had shot three times at Thomas Keating, of whom he was jealous, both men being in love with their landlady, Mrs. Grace Dyer.

Hole In Her Port Side.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The Clyde line steamship George W. Clyde was run into and sunk by the Old Dominion line steamship Guyandotte during the fog on the Long Island shore half way between Fort Hamilton and Owl's Head. The victim has a large hole in her port side about amidship.

She Drank Ammonia.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The remains of Miss Marion Foster, the artist, were taken in charge of her brother-in-law, J. N. Pennock, to Minerva, O. Miss Foster died Friday. She had been ill for some time and by mistake drank a quantity of pure ammonia.

No Hostile Demonstration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 2.—The visit of the sultan to the Takapon palace in the Stamboul quarter upon the occasion of the midramazan festival to perform the ceremony of kissing the prophet's mantle passed off without any hostile demonstration.

Still Entertained by Russia.

KOBE, Japan, March 2.—The King of Korea is still at the Russian legation in Seoul. Internal uprisings continue. It is rumored that Japan is making advances to Russia with the view of arranging for dual control in Korea.

Overcome by Grief.

NAPOLEON, Ind., March 2.—Miss Aurelia Feeney, a prominent young schoolteacher, has become violently insane because of five deaths which occurred in her family within a year.

Rhodes Was In the Conspiracy.

CAPETOWN, March 2.—J. Hofemeyer, leader of the Afrikander party, in writing to a friend pointedly accused Cecil Rhodes of having knowledge of the Jameson raid which he hid from his colleagues for 26 hours after Dr. Jameson started.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WALKED ON THE TRACK.

Man With a Large Family Meets a Horrible Death.

LIMA, O., March 2.—W. H. Bennett, 55, was struck by the Wells-Fargo fast express on the Chicago and Erie road and instantly killed. He was walking on the track and did not heed the warning signals. He leaves a wife and eight children.

Murdered by Her Paramour.

CHEVIOT, O., March 2. Harry Matlack, a resident of this village, shot and killed Mrs. Anna Strong, wife of the proprietor of the Cheviot hotel. The two had sustained improper relations and were quarreling when the tragedy occurred.

Fought With Bare Knuckles.

CHILLICOTHE, O., March 2.—James Foy and Thomas Casey fought twelve rounds with bare knuckles in Bill Near's saloon. Foy was knocked out. All parties interested were arrested.

Eloped to Kentucky.

LONDON, O., March 2.—Bertha Webb, prominent young schoolteacher, and Herbert H. John, son of Rev. John of this city, eloped to Covington and were married.

Died of Smallpox.

DAYTON, O., March 2.—Ansel Amos, sent to the workhouse here from Springfield, has died of smallpox. There were 114 convicts exposed.

Surrendered to the Sheriff.

LONDON, O., March 2.—Cash Porter, who shot his father-in-law, Mark L. Teaster, at Danville, surrendered himself to the sheriff.

Found Dead In Bed.

CANAL DOVER, O., March 2.—George H. Hopkins, prominent business man, was found dead in bed.

NO PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.

The Unveiling of Father Marquette Statue Was Quietly Done.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—To avert any trouble over the unveiling of the Marquette statue in the Capitol, which has aroused antagonism from the A. P. A., the covering was removed from the statue and will not be replaced.

No arrangements for a formal unveiling had been made and Judge Losey, who represents the state of Wisconsin, which is the donor, concluded that the ceremony might be dispensed with. It was feared that a public gathering about the statue might be attended by some unpleasant incident.

Captain Garden of the Capitol police has heard that threats have been made to deface the statue and has instructed his men to watch it night and day.

Gone to Liberia.

SAVANNAH, March 2. — With the cheers from thousands of other negroes ringing in their ears 311 negroes, representing half a dozen southern states, started for Liberia, where they will settle on land provided by the government of that republic. The American steamship Laurada, on which they sailed, dropped anchor at Fort Jackson to await an engineer from Charleston, one of her corps having left her here.

Ex-Cashier In Jail.

WATKINS, N. Y., March 2.—John W. Love, ex-cashier of the Cofunct First National bank of this village, was brought back to Elmyra and lodged in jail, having been arrested in Cincinnati. The bail demanded will be $10,000, and as Love is already under $10,000 bail, should he secure bail on this indictment another one is ready to be served which will require a $5,000 bond.

Receivers In Consultation.

BALTIMORE, March 2.—John K. Cowen and Oscar G. Murray, the newly appointed receivers for the Baltimore and Ohio railway, were in consultation upon a plan of action for reorganizing the authorities of the company. It is believed the receivership will probably cover a period of about five years and that J. Pierpont Morgan & Company will be asked to undertake it.

It Will Be Interesting.

ALBANY, March 2.—The session of the legislature this week will be interesting, in view of the fact that the greater New York question will be finally disposed of for some time to come, and that the Rams liquor tax bill will be hastened.

Ex-Congressman Rice Dead.

WORCESTER, Mass., March 2.—Ex-Congressman William Whitney Rice died of heart disease at his home here. For the last 24 hours he had been unconscious.

SMALL BITS OF NEWS.

Flashes From the Wires From All Quarters of the Globe.

The Arizona bank bill was passed over the president's veto.

Dr. Hunter has withdrawn from the Kentucky senatorship contest.

Fire in the dry goods district of New York receives $500,000 damage.

The steamer St. Pierre, from Halifax to Victoria, was wrecked in midocean.

Calvin Reynolds was found at Windsor, S. C., frozen and dead. Also some Negroes.

The sultan of Turkey has caused many arrests in case of an alleged attempt to assassinate him.

Officers are still pursuing Jim Eagle all in connection with the murder of Butler and Tabb at Henderson.

A motion has been filed in the Indiana supreme court for a new trial for Rev. Hinshaw, serving a life sentence for killing his wife.

1896 MARCH. 1896

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

IT IS A GRAVEYARD.

Ponca City's Mayor Made an Awful Threat and Kept His Word.

The city council of Ponca City, O. T., has purchased the town site of Cross for a city cemetery. This is the dramatic ending to one of the most noted town site fights in the west.

When the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement two years ago, two towns were started within a mile of each other, one called Ponca City and the other Cross.

Both aspired to be the county seat, and the war between them waxed so warm that several men bit the dust. Finally the mayor of Ponca City called a public meeting one night and urged the citizens to keep up their fight until they made Cross a cemetery.

It is thought by his remark the mayor actually advised the destruction of the city and the people of Cross by winchester rifles, but if so his threat was not executed in that manner.

Captain Stiles, an ex-officer of the United States army, was sent to Washington on a secret mission that lasted eight months, during which time he succeeded in getting the interior department to recognize Ponca City as the legitimate town site and county seat.

Through other parties the influence of the Santa Fe railroad was taken away from Cross, and it began to dwindle from a city of 3,000 inhabitants, built in a day—the famous Sept. 16, 1892—until only a few houses were left.

Ponca City gave a town lot to every owner of a house in Cross and paid for the moving, and in this way stampeded the residents of the rival town.

Nothing being left but the town site and schoolhouse, the bluff of the pioneer mayor of Ponca was made good a few days since when the council bought the town site for a cemetery and made the schoolhouse the residence of the sexton.

The center circle of the cemetery will be deeded to the war mayor of Ponca as a family burying lot in recognition of his prediction to reduce Cross to a cemetery.

A plot will be made in the shape of a cross, and the bodies of the citizens of Ponca who lost their lives in the town site trouble will be reinterred with honors.—New York Recorder.

England's Patron Saint.

The rector of a rural parish in Kent, England, while recently examining a class of boys in history, asked them who was the patron saint of England. With one voice the class responded, "Mr. Gladstone."—New York Tribune.

Governor Greenhalge Ill.

LOWELL, Mass., March 2.—Governor Greenhalge is seriously ill and not expected to live.

MARKET REPORTS.

Grain and Stock Quotations For Feb. 29.

New York.

Beef—Family, $10 00@12 00; extra mess, $7 50@8 00; packet, $7 00@9 50. Cut meat—Pickled bellies, 5½@6c; pickled shoulders, 4½c; pickled hams, 9½@9¾c. Lard—Western steam, $5 50. Pork—Old mess, $10 25@10 50; family, $11 00; short cut, $11 50@12 50.

Butter—Western dairy, 10@14c; do creamery, 13@22c; do factory, 10@16c; Elgins, 22c. Imitation creamery, 11½@13½c; state dairy, 12@20c; creamery, 20@23c. Cheese—State large, 9@9½c; small, 9@9½c; part skims, 3½@6c; full skims, 2@3c. Eggs—State and Pennsylvania, 19@19½c; western fresh, 19c.

Wheat—71½c. Corn—37½c. Rye—40 bid. Oats—30½c.

Chicago.

Cattle—Fair to best beeves, $3 15@4 50; stockers and feeders, $2 80@3 65; mixed cows and bulls, $1 60@3 80; Texans, $2 30@3 25; western, $2 15@3 70.

Hogs—Light, $3 70@3 95; rough packing and mixed, $3 60@3 85; mixed and butchers', $3 75@3 95; heavy packing and shipping, $3 60@3 85; pigs, $3 35@4 45.

Sheep—Natives, $3 00@3 70; western, $3 00@4 00; Texans, $3 00@3 70. Lambs—$4 00@4 60.

Wheat—65½c. Corn—36c. Oats—28c. Rye—38½c.

Pittsburg.

Cattle—Prime, $4 25@4 40; fair to good fat cows, $3 70@4 00; bulls, stags and cows, $1 50@3 50.

Hogs—Heavy, $4 10@4 10; medium, 4 15@4 25; pigs, $4 10@4 20.

Sheep and lambs—Choice sheep, $3 20@3 70; common, $1 50@2 50; choice lambs, $3 50@4 75; export, $4 00@4 80.

Buffalo.

Cattle—Market dull.

Hogs—Yorkers, $4 15@4 20; roughs, common to good, $3 75@4 15; medium and heavies, $4 07½@4 15; pigs, $4 20@4 25.

Sheep and lambs—Extras, $3 15@3 60; good mixed, $2 45@3 00; common, $2 00@2 25; spring lambs, $5 10@5 15. Veal calves, $5 00@6 00.

Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 74½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 37½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 22½@23½c. Rye—No. 2, 45c.

Hogs—$4 15@4 35. Bulk meats—$3 12½. Bacon—$3 62½@4 25. Cattle—$2 00@4 10. Sheep—$1 50@3 75. Lambs—$3 25@4 65.

Toledo.

Wheat—74½c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 39c. Oats—No. 2 white, 30½c. Rye—41c. Clover seed—$4 25.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Story of a Newspaper War.

By Mrs. H. A. STANLEY.

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CHAPTER I.

"Proof!" yelled Editor Bob Brayton as he shoved a roll of copy wrapped in that article out through the small window of his sanctum.

"Proof!" echoed the shrill voice of Peeto, the galley boy, as he grasped it and shoved another in to take its place.

"How's copy coming up, Peeto? Are the boys pulling out lively?"

"Well, I should say! To beat the cars! The hook's pretty near clean. We'll be on the press in half an hour. That old tramp, though, downs 'em all. He's a reg'lar machine. He's got 15,000 now, and it looks as if his string'd break the office. Says he carried the banner last night 'cause he hadn't no money to hire a bed, but he'll be able to put up to the best hotel in town tonight. Wish I could ever take his gait. You'd gimme a case then, wouldn't you, Mr Brayton? Oh, he's a corker, and"—

"Here you, Pete! Hustle out here with that proof. You chin too much. Jerk that other galley there. Quicker'n greased lightning! Fly now!" The excitable foreman came forward on a run as he spoke and snatched the proof from the boy's hand.

"Any more copy, Mr. Brayton? Can't set a line more unless it's a murder. Holding the forms now for the last take of that long winded common council report that new man wrote up today. Ought to been on the hook last night. Here you are, slug 4. You git this galley to correct. You're as bad as one o' them blacksmiths over to The Standard. Uncle Jimmy James over there in the corner ain't had one on him today."

"Well, what if he ain't? I ain't no Methusalum nor Wanderin Jew. I'm just an ordinary comp with a small 'e,'" grumbled slug 4, as he took the galley and marched to his case.

"Mebbe you never 'shook hands with Horace Greeley or ole man Bennett,'" ventured the grinning Peeto, and there was a general laugh.

The slim, wiry old man over near the window never relaxed a feature or lost a stroke, but worked right along, the afternoon sunlight as it sifted in through the dusty pane transfiguring his clean cut profile and showing a face ready seen in old age at a printer's case. Only misfortune of some sort had kept him down, Bob Brayton was sure, and he mused on it as he gazed out on the busy scene.

All was hurry and bustle. Every man worked as if his individual welfare depended on it. This was the first going to press of the new Blade, and with its youthful editor every man hoped for a prosperous and brilliant future for it, unless perhaps it was the impassive old man over by the window. He had seen papers rise and fall. He had worked on everything for 40 years or more, and never was known to express a preference or an opinion for anything or anybody. A mystery he had ever remained and aside from his oft repeated assertion that he was "not a tramp, but a tourist," and that he had shaken hands with certain distinguished newspaper men of an age gone by, no one knew aught of him. As for Bob Brayton, who had risked his all in this attempt to earn a place for his Blade, he was an all round newspaper man and printer. Serving a long apprenticeship on the Boston Herald, he had held a good position later on the able Springfield Republican. This he had subsequently resigned to come to Bloomfield and establish a small job printing office and get acquainted with the people. His ultimate intention had always been to establish a newspaper, and now he had made the effort. His heart swelled with hope, and while the scene he now gazed upon was but a miniature of what he hoped to see in the future, the risk was all his own, to make or break. Come what would he was determined to do his level best and for a time at least be a newspaper proprietor.

He was roused from his reverie by a rush of hurrying feet. A heavy body came bounding up the stairs and the door was burst open by a breathless, excited young fellow of 25. It was The Blade's one ubiquitous reporter, Professor Charles E. Banks, known to everybody for miles around as "professor." No one in all Bloomfield wore such a shining silk tile or such loud patterned clothing. Indeed it had been a common remark while professor was on The Standard that the pants of its reporter were louder than the voice of that paper for its party. That, however, was accounted for, so far as The Standard's position was concerned, by Proprietor Booled's well worn excuse, "We must give the town a paper that will please all parties and cover the ground, for we owe a duty to everybody." Whenever professor heard this remark he always swore and he had only too gladly left The Standard to enter Brayton's service. Professor had not a lazy hair in his body, even though he did lack a balance wheel, and his nose for news became sharper as the years came on. He had panted all day for a chance to work in such a "scoop" as he had read of, and by his excited manner it was evident to Brayton that the desired chance had come.

"What in the Old Harry's up, professor?"

The puffing, panting professor could not find breath for an extended answer. "It's—it's a murder, Mr Brayton. Wait—wait till I get my wind." Then settling himself in his chair and carefully pulling up his trousers lest they bag at the knee, professor carefully tucked his silk handkerchief in about his spotless collar, that his perspiring neck might not remove that adornment, bumper, all the while breathing hard and writing fast with one hand. Finally he threw a sheet of paper over on Brayton's table and between breaths gasped:

"Yessir! It's one of the finest things I ever struck. Old man rawled has just been found murdered in his house. There's a page. Put a head on that. Hold the forms. Never mind the mash. Give me room for about 600 words and I'll grind it out in short order. Oh, but this is beastly. There the old duffer has had all day and I not on to it. Such a story as I could 'a' made if I'd got it at noon even. The Standard's left, though. I saw Booled and Sloca—he's the new man—going up their stairs easy like when I ran round the postoffice corner. There ain't a soul in town on to the racket but me and White, and he don't like Booled for that last roast he got. White's a good officer if he does spree it a little. It's a scoop sure as"—

"Never mind now. Write and write fast. Boil it down. Work in all the facts and no frippery except a slight description of the surroundings and a brief biography at the close. State he's murdered, with what and by whom, when and where. Then the description and the brog, after. Push that pencil now for certain while I strip the hook." And Brayton bounded out to the composing room.

"Murder it is, Hobbs. We've got one sure as you're born. Strip the hook. I'll rush it right out. Don't let a man off. Cut it up into short takes, and I'll read

"What in the Old Harry's up, professor?"

proofs in type on the galley as fast as it's dumped. What's the matter, old man? You ain't a going to fail us now, are you?"

The last words were addressed to the venerable compositor who had stood at his case so erect but a few moments before, but who now reeled and leaned helplessly against the window on hearing Brayton's words.

"It's nothing, sir. Only a little faintness which I'm subject to at times. I'm good for another stickful, though, and I'll put it up quicker than any other man in the room."

"That's the stuff!" shouted Brayton as he bounded back into his den. Under professor's Pegasean pen three sheets of blood curdling manuscript had been run out, and it was but the work of a few minutes to tone down, brush up and head these and the two or three that followed. While Hobbs was giving it out Brayton stood with folded arms thinking fast and hard. Suddenly he turned on his heel and shouted:

"Peeto, see here!"

"Yessir! I'm here, sir."

"Hobbs, can you spare this boy for a half hour?"

"Don't see how I can spare anybody now, sir."

"Yes, you can. I'll do his work. I want you, Peeto, for a special mission. Do The Standard people know you?"

"Yessir. I've often been over there with the boys."

"I don't mean the boys. I mean Booled and the new man, Sloca. Well, it don't make any great difference whether they do or not. You can queer 'em I guess anyway. I want you to go over there and spin 'em a yarn an hour long. Keep 'em in the office some way. It's Sloca's custom to go out on the street just after they go to press and look around to see if he's missed anything. They mustn't go today—either of them. You remember that Gordon medium job form we pied an hour or so ago? Well, there's the foundation for a story a mile long. Let's see. What excuse have you for going?"

"We want help to set it up," grinned Peeto.

"That's it to a T. Now scud and what ever you do don't put your foot in it. Don't wait for a coat or a hat. Go up the stairs as if the old boy was after you. Burst in on Booled and talk against time. Understand?"

"Like a book." And the delighted imp dodged around an imposing stone, dived down the stairs to the street and flew for The Standard office as if it was on fire. As he reached the foot of Booled's office stairs, the new reporter was just sallying out for his customary review of the field he was daily required to cover. He was destined not to go out that day, for Peeto's inky face and Peeto's inky hands so completely smeared the white vest he wore as to render the garment in question a perfect sight. Peeto's hard head also drove the breath out of his body with the force of the collision and rendered him for a time very much disinclined to travel.

"Oh, please, sir! Be you the editor or beat'n you? My boss has had such luck—such luck! I'm Mr. Bob Brayton's devil, and he wants help."

"I should think he would with you around. What's up? Office collapsed or has the benzine can caught fire? Say, young feller, I ought to kick you farther than the bottom of these stairs. I ought to dance on you where you lay. Look at my vest."

"What's all this fracas and racket, Sloca?" called Booled from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, it's nothing only this rascally kid. He was coming up about six stairs at a bound, and he ran his bullet head nearly through my stomach. I kicked him down stairs, and he's howling about it."

"Well, did you hurt him much? He can't be dead from the way he yells. Shut up, you young sardine. Come up here and come in. You're collecting a crowd."

Peeto slowly and painfully dragged himself up the stairs, and by Slocas help, for Slocas' anger had subsided, gained Booled's desk and stretched out on the exchanges and clippings utterly oblivious of the fact that he had typed over a large marriage bottle which was soaking everything on the upper surface and in the drawers beneath.

"Oh, darn this newspaper business anyway. I'm sorry I ever became a publisher. Heigh ho! But ain't this been a day! Say, you ought to see Brayton. Why, the man's clear crazy. Swears he'll do it. Says he'll do it if he busts. Ha, ha! He, he! We never got out a paper before, you see, and everybody's green. New press, new type, new everything."

Here Peeto paused to writhe and groan for a time and went on with his disjointed story, only in response to the many questions his entertainers plied him with.

"What's happened? Why, ain't everything happened. You ought to 'a' been over there and seen Hobbs dance around. Why, when that form went—well, I can't tell it. You just ought to 'a' seen it."

"Yes, yes. But what form was it? Tell us about it."

"Why, 'twas just a little while ago. That's all in a heap."

What caused it? Was it the first page or the last?"

"I don't know what page 'twas. I know Brayton's soft enough to think you're comin over to help him out of this mess, and I s'pose you will after you go to press."

"Just about after and not before. I don't propose to spare men to help a rival. My motto is, 'Be just to yourself before you are generous to others,'" replied Booled. Then he essayed to question Peeto again, but the boy's story was so rambling and so full of comical descriptions that it took a long time to get at any facts, and even these seemed confusedly.

"Then we go to press. I guess Brayton won't get out ahead of us today," laughed Booled as he rose and whirled down for a paper. When it came up, he glanced it over in a self satisfied way and with a preliminary laugh read the following article to Slocas:

ACCIDENT AT BRAYTON'S JOBROOMS.

As we go to press we learn that the young man and boy who sought to give birth to a gubstone dodger over at Brayton's job office today met with an accident just as the last form was ready for the press which will probably render the proposed "long felt want" nearer a morning than an evening publication. Some of The Standard's well trained force will be sent over to assist the boys in their undertaking, as we always believe in aiding a weakling in distress, be the circumstances what they may.

"I thought I might as well slip that in, Sloca. This has been a pretty dry day for news, and we wanted something to fill up. As 'twas, Busby had to give the boys '30' 15 minutes earlier than usual. Now, let's see (lowering his voice) I think we'd better wait awhile, till we're about off, say, and then send one or two of the comps over. That'll show we want to be human and at the same time 'won't do. The Blade folks much good." Sloca, who was busy getting ink stains off his coat—his vest was fit only for the laundry—grinned assent, and had he looked at Peeto, who was yet stretched out on the editorial desk, he would also have seen that happy youth grinning or making pretended grimaces of pain to hide his merriment.

Sloca kept on working at his coat and Booled ran through a few exchanges to pass away the time. Peeto waited patiently till he felt sure The Standard's edition must be at least half off, and then stretching himself and yawning remarked: "Well! I feel better. I suppose Brayton will be lookin for me. Then you are not goin to send any men over to help set up that form?"

"Oh, yes, we are. We intended to do that all the time as soon as we got over our work in hand. Mr Busby! Hey, there! Busby! How he comes. Say, Busby, hadn't we better send two or three of the fellows over to help 'em out? You heard about The Blade's accident, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. I did. I don't see how we can do much else. Have they sent over for help?"

"Yes. This boy's been waiting here an hour nearly. I thought there was no need of using undue haste. Have our boys got their cases all thrown in for tomorrow?"

"Yes, sir. All about full. Some of them were going over anyway out of curiosity."

"Well, then, let 'em go. I guess Mr. Sloca and I will go over too. We'd kind o' like to see how they're running things. They must be having a circus. Come on, Sloca. Let's take a walk."

With a copy of The Standard in his fat hand, its proprietor and his lieutenant leisurely strolled along up the street, pausing occasionally to chat with some acquaintance and tell of the accident over at Brayton's. "I tell you it's no good to get out a paper even such a dodger as The Blade will be, with a green force. It has taken me years to organize The Standard force, and if I do say it we are not apt to get left. The people can depend on us every time."

When they reached The Blade office, they found Brayton seated in his easy chair, his feet up and anything but worriment on his countenance.

"Well, old man, you've had hard luck, they tell me," remarked Booled as the pair sauntered in. "Going to press tonight?"

"Just going. What do you mean by hard luck?"

"Why, the form, to be sure."

"Oh, yes! That's so. I'd forgotten about that. Come to press yet?"

"Yes, an hour ago. Must be about off now."

"Got a good story on the murder?"

"The murder! What murder! Who's murdered?" gasped Booled and Sloca, in concert, as they glared at the imperturbable Brayton.

"Oh, it's nothing much. Just a simple case of robbery and murder down at East End last night. Didn't know whether you'd handle it or not. Here's the full particulars in The Blade. Our press is just starting. Hold on a minute and see how the new paper looks."

At this instant its editor received several thrusts in the small window from the hands of the delighted Peeto, and The Standard's force realized their sale.

CHAPTER II.

As Booled and Sloca hastened back to The Standard office that hot afternoon, their feelings can be better imagined, by a newspaper man at least, than described. They had been stunned by the first shock. Now the reaction had set in, and they were nearly frantic. It had required several minutes to read and comprehend this important news item they had missed. At first they had regarded it a hoax printed for the purpose of selling papers, but their newspaper sense and a perusal of the article showed the fallacy of this supposition. Every detail therein related showed how well the professor had worked up his find and proved most conclusively that he had visited the scene of the alleged tragedy in person.

Booled had first rushed to the nearest telephone and asked for 307. After a delay of several minutes the central girl gave him 407 and cut off all communication with the central station while she went to the store below, where they sold gum and confections. This Booled ascertained as he ran by the store and saw her chatting with the clerk.

"Where's the force?" shouted the perspiring proprietor as he neared the head of his office stairs and saw Busby washing his hands at the sink.

"Went out about five minutes ago to go over to The Blade office to see how they come on over there. How had a mess as it? Pi the whole form?"

"Pi the devil! No, you idiot! It's all a hoax. They haven't pied any form. They went to press with the last side full 20 minutes ago and with one of the worst murders on record all in cold type. Are we all off?"

"Yes, sir. The last carrier went out about ten minutes after 5. They're just washing up the forms now."

"Tell 'em to put 'em back on the bed again and to lift ads—anything, to make room for this article. Have you any men?"

"Only one—old man Billings, and he's slow."

"Send a boy after the men, then! Run, you imbecile!"

"Run yourself! You can't call me no idjit and imbecile and carry on round here like this. I ain't no slave! I didn't miss no murder, and you kin jest do you own runnin."

"Oh, come now, Busby! Don't be foolish. Can't you see, man, that I'm nearly crazy? I didn't mean what I said. Run for the men now, please, while I write up this thing from The Blade. Get anybody—everybody! We must get out on the street with this. It's the worst scoop I ever saw."

Busby, who was a great stickler for the dignity of his position, and who in a sullen way always resented abuse, moved his huge bulk slowly down the stairs, while Booled, Blade in hand, retired to his den to write up from his competitor's columns the only really good story the town had furnished in weeks. He found his desk a mass of wreckage, no paper therein being fit for use. Peeto had flooded everything an hour before, as he lay there rolling yarns against time. Slocas always locked his desk before leaving. There was no paper at hand, and with an oath Booled started on a run for the stockroom in the basement. The pressman, who had just gone, had carefully locked that, and tearing up through the business office, where a determined old lady was endeavoring to beg a free advertisement for a church festival, Booled seized a bill hook on two and bounded up the stairs again. The old lady, who had been referred to the editor, followed after, but finding the door locked began pounding for admission. Between her vigorous thumps Booled could hear the newsboys on the street shouting: "Here's yer Blade! Full account of the murder! Brayton's Blade, only 2 cents! Blade, sir? Blade?"

"Pi!"

Occasionally he could hear some other boy across the street shout: "Got any Blades to swap for Standards? Give ye three Standards for one Blade!"

Then the answer came back: "Naw! Blade's the stuff! Standard's no good tonight! Got left on the murder! Only sheet in town what's got it! Blade, sir? Blade, mister? Blade?"

It was nearly 7 o'clock when The Standard finally came out with a poorly written account of the murder, and then there was but small sale for it, for The Blade's presses had been running steadily since 4:30 o'clock at the rate of 2,500 per hour. Finding that his first side would be inadequate to supply the demand for the second, Brayton had ordered the first two forms made up in smaller chases for the pony cylinder, and had run off on that some 3,500 extra, which in being later backed up by the news press when the regular edition was exhausted made a very novel looking sheet, but a newsy one. It was bought and eagerly read, and all the city commented on the wonderful enterprise which had given the public the news regardless of the accident mentioned in The Standard. More than 7,000 Blades were sold that evening, and as the bookkeeper at the office below stacked away the coin he was the proudest man in all Bloomfield.

"Sorry some of the advertisers were left off that extra," he remarked as Brayton came down to inquire after the sale. "We've given 'em more than we agreed to, though, as it is," he added, by way of consolation.

"I should say we had, Hawkins. You need an assistant here at the desk to let you out on the street to talk advertising the next few days. I think we'll venture to put your son in here."

"Thank you, sir, but he isn't old enough. He's only 12, and can't leave school yet. I want a boy at least 15 or 16 years of age. One that understands something of the business would be better too."

Just at this instant Peeto came through, and hearing the last few words stopped short. His face was very red, and he showed the first real embarrassment Brayton ever remembered of him.

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Please, sir, gimme a show. I ain't no scholar, but I kin learn. I'm comin 17, and I know somethin of the business. I'm goin to night school now, and I write a pretty plain hand." Here he caught up a pen and dashed off a signature that would be no discredit to any lad. "Philip Edward Tow is my name, and that's why they call me P. Tow. See?"

"Yes! I do see," laughed Brayton, "and if Mr Hawkins is willing you may have the job. You'll go home and wash up, won't you?"

"I will, sir. I dress for the kind of business I'm in, I do. I'll show you the proper rig tomorrow mornin," and sure enough he did. The change was hardly credible. The transition of the rollicking "devil" to the well dressed, quiet office assistant was most remarkable. There was soon no young man in the city of better address than Philip Edward Tow, and few would have recognized him a month after his promotion. Occasionally he relieved his superabundance of spirits by a series of handsprings across the long stockroom or in a boxing bout with the engineer or pressman. Everybody liked him, and he had a knack of gaining his point without giving offense. He could hold an advertiser strictly to the rate card and keep him satisfied. He always downed his man in any argument without directly antagonizing him. As Hawkins was in the habit of saying, "He just surrounded them," and was in fact the efficient advertising manager before he had reached his eighteenth year.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FASHION PLATE.

New warp printed taffeta silks are more vague as to pattern and more beautiful in coloring than ever.

New ginghams have a frise effect of white or black loops over the pretty soft plaid, which makes them look like anything but cotton.

A new style of applique trimming is made of several thicknesses of French crape arranged in handsome patterns on light colored silk.

The new lawns and dimities are exceedingly pretty, with flowered stripes in soft, faded colors, and plain stripes of color on a white ground.

Real valenciennes lace is in greater demand than ever, and is used for trimming jabots, ruches, collars, chemisettes, and all sorts of neckwear.

French tailor made costumes are made with very short full basques elaborately braided and trimmed in front with frog buttons, and the skirts are also braided.

Yellow, in all the shades from a delicate tint to the bright screaming red yellow similar to the old fashioned flame color, is first in the list of fashionable colors for the coming season.

The shirt waist of 1896 certainly justifies its name more than any which has appeared before, since it has a wide standing collar and cuffs of white linen buttoned on like those on a man's shirt.

The coat which bids fair to be most worn through the spring is a short loose backed jacket hanging straight from a yoke, and one style is made with three box plaits in the back and plaited epaulets over the sleeves.

The new ecru embroideries shown for trimming batiste gowns are very elaborate in design and much more beautiful than any we have had before. They come in various widths of insertion and edging to match, and in very open patterns, which can be applied like lace.—New York Sun.

Riding Their Lights.

The increase in crime has led to the formation of a novel club. Fifty men of wealth and high standing in business circles have organized an "antijewelry wearing club," and have pledged themselves not to wear anything in public calculated to tempt a pickpocket or footpad, not even a watch and chain, until the police department shows some sign of suppressing crime. This action was taken after a well known millionaire who likes diamonds had a $600 "sparkler" plucked from his shirt front while he was enjoying a cigar on the front platform of a surface car. As a result of this action, these members of the club who formerly disported diamond rings, to say nothing of diamond collar buttons and other expensive ornaments, are going around today like other plain citizens. Thus contempt for the police promises to work at least one needed reform. It may suppress a vulgar display of dazzling wealth here.—Kansas City Star.

Discouraged.

"I hardly know how to begin, sir," said the would be son-in-law as a starter.

"Permit me to help you out," said the old man.

The words were polite enough, but the young man thought he saw a glare and got out unassisted.—Indianapolis Journal.

Definitions.

Mr. Insite, give the class your idea of optimist and pessimist."

"Yes, sir. An optimist is a man who is happy when he's miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he's happy."—Chicago Record.

HE LOVES THE BIRDS.

FRANCOIS COPPEE AND HIS FRIENDS IN THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG.

It Is a Touching Sight to Watch the Poet Feed His Pets in a Public Garden—A Man Who Is Loved by All and Is "Dear Master" to the Students.

Francois Coppee, the author of "For the King," has a great many friends in Paris, but none of them is more devoted than the little birds that live in the Jardin du Luxembourg. They know him as soon as they see him come in at one of the wide gates, his shoulders drooping, his head hanging forward, his face pale from ill health. They know in just which one of his pockets he carries the big piece of bread which he is going to divide into crumbs for their benefit, and they probably say in their own special language:

"Ah, here is Friend Coppee, bless him!"

They are not the only ones that know what Coppee has in his pocket. All the Latin quarter people who come and go through that corner of the Luxembourg garden which faces the Odeon know that the gentle author rarely misses a day in his devotion to the birds. And when he appears with a peculiar swollen appearance about one of his pockets they draw quietly off to a respectful distance to watch.

As soon as the circle of spectators—workmen in blue blouses, students in corduroy and slouch hats, nursemaids with barelegged children—is soon as these elements, which might possibly be disturbing, have taken themselves far enough out of the way, the birds close in around the poet until sometimes a hundred of them will be fluttering about his head or alighting about his feet. Then he takes out his piece of bread, and crumbling one corner tosses a morsel up in the air. Instantly there is a flutter of wings, and two or three of the birds dart upward, and the most fortunate one catches the crumb in its flight and settles down again to his place in the flock.

One crumb after another is thrown out in this direction and that, and occasionally a few are scattered on the ground, so that the less adventurous and weaker spirits may have their share. Finally a good fat crumb is pinched off, but not thrown. It is held invitingly between the thumb and finger, while the poet looks at his birds as much as to say:

"Come, come. You know you friend Coppee. Give me a proof of your affection, as I am giving you a proof of mine."

There is a great flutter then among the birds, a great cocking of pretty heads, much sharp glancing of bright eyes. Finally one particularly brave little creature makes a wide curve toward the imprisoned crumb, but his courage deserts him on the way, and he circles back to his place without the prize. Coppee rubs the crumb a little, so that a tiny morsel of it falls to the ground, where it is quickly picked up. It is as if he said to his small flock:

"See, my little friends, it is a good crumb. Where is your confidence? Have I ever betrayed you?"

As if ashamed of having hesitated so long, a bird makes a dart toward the outstretched hand, poises with fluttering wings above it, picks daintily at the crumb and then bears it away triumphantly in its bill. After that it all goes merry as a marriage bell. Two or three birds will be eating from his hand at the same time. They light on his shoulder, on his arm, on his hat.

The spectators meanwhile are full of breathless interest. A child whose loud cry of delight startled the birds into sudden flight is unceremoniously jerked back by his nurse with an emphatic "Tais-toi." The students talk in an undertone about the dear master, as they call Coppee.

Last winter, when there was an unusual amount of snow in Paris, Coppee was particularly attentive to the wants of his birds, which in their turn were more than ever appreciative of his good offices, for the snow made pretty poor picking for them. [illegible] cold days it was no uncommon [illegible] to see the students rush up to the poet after he had finished his dole and turn up his coat collar or tighten his muffler or button his overcoat.

"Dear master," they would say affectionately, "you must be more careful of yourself. You know you are not strong, and it is cold, and we need you as much as the birds do."

To the birds and the students he is always "the dear master." It was Coppee who wrote and read the poem for the unveiling of the bust of Henri Murger in that same Jardin du Luxembourg. Murger's name is idolized by the whole Latin quarter, and it is doubtful if the students would have permitted any one of whom they did not approve to take part in the ceremonies at the unveiling of his monument.

Coppee is not married, although, French fashion, he has a friend too. He makes mysterious references in his writings as one who is dead to him, in whose heart he knows he will find inconsolable regret when he dies. However that may be, he will be sure of plenty of sincere mourners—the students of the Latin quarter and the birds of the Jardin du Luxembourg.—New York Sun.

A Ripe Time.

"Now is the time to act," she exclaimed.

High resolve had perched upon her brow.

I have my divorce cinched all right," she murmured.—Detroit Tribune.

LIGHTNING HOT DROP

CURES | Colic, Coughs, Cramps, Influenza, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Bites, Scratches, etc., etc.
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N. Y., L. E. AND W.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

CITY DEPOT.

WEST.		EAST.	
No. 1	8 35 am	No. 12	[illegible]
No. 5	10 00 am	No. 10	[illegible]
No. 3	10:50 pm	No. 8	[illegible]
No. 37 (local)	5 00 am	No. 15 (local)	[illegible]

Nos. 37 and 38 run between Galion and Dayton only.
No. 15 runs to Salamanca only.

[In effect Feb. 9, 1896.]

C. AND E. DIVISION.

MARION JUNCTION DEPOT.

WEST.		ARRIVE.	
No. 1	9 00 am	No. 12	[illegible]
No. 5	10:15 am	No. 2	[illegible]
No. 9	11:26 pm	No. 8	[illegible]
No. 33	12:55 pm	No. 35	[illegible]

Nos. 33 and 35 run between Marion and Lima only. Nos. 1 and 2 run daily except Sundays, and stop at all stations.

[In effect 12:00 m. Sunday, Oct. 20, 1895.]

BIG FOUR.

EAST.		WEST.	
No. 36	9:40 am	No. 11	[illegible]
No. 2	5:25 pm	No. 3	[illegible]
No. 18	10:57 pm	No. 35	[illegible]
No 54 local	3:55 pm	No. 55 local	[illegible]

No. 11, daily, stops at LaRue.
No. 3, daily except Sunday, makes local stops.
No. 35, daily, maks local stops.
No. 36, daily, stops at Caledonia.
No. 2, daily except Sunday, makes local stops west of Galion.
No. 18, daily, does not make local stops.
Local, daily except Sunday.

[In effect Dec. '95.]

C., H. V. and T.

(BUCKEYE ROUTE.)

NORTH.		SOUTH.	
No. 31	6:50am	No. 32	[illegible]
No. 33	10 05am	No. 34	[illegible]
No. 36	4:30pm	No. 37	[illegible]
No. 37	10:20pm	No. 30	[illegible]

Trains 31 and 34 daily except Sunday.

Epilepsy 20 Years.

Cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine.

A few years ago Mr. L. W. Gallaher was an extensive successful expert manufacturer of lumber products. Afflicted with epilepsy, he was obliged to give up his business. The attacks came on him at most inopportune times. One time falling from a carriage, at another down stairs and often in the street. Once he fell down a shaft in the mill, his head being nearly broken. Mr. Gallaher writes from Milwaukee, Feb. 15, '95:

"There are none more miserable than epileptics. For 20 years I suffered with convulsive fits, having as high as five in one night. I tried any number of physicians, paying to one alone, a fee of $500.00 and have done little for years but search for something to help me, and have taken all the leading remedies but received no benefit. A year ago my son, Chas. S. Gallaher, druggist at 191 Reed St., Milwaukee, gave me Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and I tried it with gratifying results. I have had but two fits since I began taking it. I am better now in every way than I have been in 20 years."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by druggists on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit or price refunded. Book on the Heart and Nerves free. Address, Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Remedies Restore Health.

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THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC —AND— Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indi- n, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is f the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from ver cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive s, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares his wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strength- f the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a n-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in eatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption ly ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nerv- ss of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine , almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and cura- s of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great izing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten een years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen s of the remedy each year.

IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

usness,	Broken Constitution,
us Prostration,	Debility of Old Age,
us Headache,	Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Headache,	Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
le Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
us Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
rsis,	Frightful Dreams,
us Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
us Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Flashes,	Fainting,
ation of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
l Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
essness,	Scrofula,
tas' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
usness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
usness of Old Age,	Catarrh of the Lungs,
lgia,	Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
in the Heart,	Liver Complaint,
in the Back,	Chronic Diarrhœa,
g Health,	Delicate and Scrofulous Children.

Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and ess in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most e individual. Nine tenths of all the ailments to which the human is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired diges- When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a d state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow and nerves is the Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments pear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all ower by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the o suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not con- sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair ear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. his reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the tial elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts s universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous de- ement.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., AUG. 20, '86
Great South American Medicine Co.
GENTS—I desire to say to you that I ered for many years with a very serious of the stomach and nerves. I tried every e I could hear of, but nothing done me preciable good until I was advised to r Great South American Nervine Tonic omach and Liver Cure, and since using bottles of it I must say that I am sur- at its wonderful powers to cure the stom- general nervous system. If everyone e value of this remedy as I do you would able to supply the demand.
A. HARDLE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.
daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance orea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Ner- and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is eatest remedy in the world for indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.
JOHN T. MISH.

of Indiana, } ss:
Montgomery County, }

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.
CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

DIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

h we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever ered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of oms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of man stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incal- e value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the ex- ce and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There ase of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the erful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

E. E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: me life for the Great South American had been in bed for five months from of unexhausted stomach, Indigestion, Prostration, and a general shattered of my whole system. Had given up of getting well. Had tried three doc- 5 no relief. The first bottle of the Nerv- improved me so much that I sent after and a few bottles cured me entirely. is the best medicine in the world. I ommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Ind., says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy: a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

We compare with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy com- with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will rel- South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to er and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the mid- It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks. ickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ALL MEN ARE ASTRAY

AN IMPRESSIVE SERMON BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Immense Throngs Hear the Eminent Divine—Why Men Drift Away From Jesus, Seeking That Which They Never Find. The Liberty of the Gospel.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The gospel sends out its gladdest sound in this sermon from the nation's capital. Immense throngs pack and overflow the church to which Dr. Talmage preaches twice each Sabbath. His text this morning was Isaiah liii. 6: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Once more I ring the old gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray.

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the east, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray and what my text means when it says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways—either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, gave our soul, and we wandered on and we wandered on and we were lost. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the clubhouse when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you—perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign
Bright, bright as day.

God's Masterpiece.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him! The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life, but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried, "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your soul you find in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh, this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food. It is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess, but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battleground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Endless ages will march on. He will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comforts will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

The Soul That Sinneth.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared by the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are splashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy and some of you took to strong drink and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh, man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your early failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you and a God to deliver you and a God to help you and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sevastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress, and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and the multitude of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angles shiver to the tip.

Melody From Heaven.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous; that isn't fair. Let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation, and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street—both hale, hearty and well—I ask you to carry me, you say rightly, "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment, and I was wounded in the battle, and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying: "Come and help; this man is helpless. Bring the ambulance. Let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen, and put me in the ambulance, and take me to the hospital, and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything demeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts, then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying: "Here, Lord, here is my obligation. Here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation. Now give me a receipt. Cross it all out." The debt is paid.

But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God! Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee, and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why, then, will a man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other. How much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights. I have come to bear your burdens, and to pardon your sins, and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder, put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter, and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

Take God to Your Heart.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections, and I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart and I know by experience that what you say is true." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all!" Yonder is a man who would say, "I was the worst drunkard in the city; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself; I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lip to be kissed, I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on farther and farther from God until one day I got a letter, saying:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have tried every way, done everything and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life had been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that he has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife,
"MARY.

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

"All may come, whoever will—
This man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim, 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.' Yonder is a woman who would say, 'I wandered off from my father's house, I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul. My feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me, and he said, 'Poor thing, go home! Your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' And, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out—I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said, 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

Human Sympathy.

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said; 'George, come with me, and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting tonight I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in, and as I went in I heard an old man praying and he looked so much like my father I sobbed right out, and they were all around, so kind and so sympathetic, that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know that what you say is true; I know it in my own experience. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'" Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation to all who are bound, pardon for all sin and eternal life for all the dead.

"I Came From Calvary."

Some one comes here today and I stand aside. He comes up three steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet; they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "I came from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone." I say, "Why comest thou here?" "Oh," he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people!" And he kneels. He says, "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And, conscious of my own sins first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yes, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say, "Canst thou bear any more?" He says, "Yes, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say, "Canst thou bear more?" He says, "Yes, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God, and I say, "Canst thou bear them?" "Yes," he says, "more." But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins today? or, do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line.

A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath, "Before next Saturday night one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it. I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said, "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no," the other replied. "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last. Today the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off, he jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "whosoever will, let him come," whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away
While yet a pardoning God is found.

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated in my church was a man who came in who said, "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the gospel. While another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone. Last week I might have been saved. Not now. The door is shut." "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment!"

Brice and the Cabbies.

Every man with a plug hat and a heavy beard who leaves the capitol, on the east side, after the adjournment of the senate, creates a regular scramble among the "cabbies" who stand on that side of the building, for just at that time they are looking for Senator Brice, who invariably rides home in one of these vehicles and who never gives less than a dollar for a very short ride, and not infrequently considerably more, which fact makes the senator a very desirable passenger, and hence the unusual scramble of the "cabbies."

The senator seems to enjoy it, however, and usually takes the first vehicle that reaches him, whether it be a hack, a cab, a hansom or a coupe.

The other evening the senator, together with a friend, was leaving the capitol at the usual exit, and when the "cabbies" saw him the usual scramble ensued, and the senator had hardly walked ten yards before he was surrounded by no less than a dozen vehicles of every description. But the senator did not seem to take the rush in his usual smiling way on this day, and walking over near the cab stand he and his friend jumped into the only vehicle that did not make a dart to secure him.

The driver did not recover from his astonishment for about a minute, but when he did he whipped up, and going past his brother "cabbies" he nearly fell off his seat laughing, while the senator looked out of the window and smiled.—Washington Star.

Story of a Titled Spendthrift.

In Vienna a man has just been buried who, though he lived in great poverty, was closely connected with the royal house of Wurttemberg. This was Count Eberhard von Wurttemberg, grandson of Duke William of Wurttemberg and the Baroness Tunderfeld. In his youth he made himself so disagreeable to the reigning house by his eccentricities that he was kept a prisoner in the Ulm fortress. His escape was a romantic affair. He swam across the Danube and fled to Austria, never to leave it again until death.

He had few wants and succeeded in living on next to nothing until the king of Wurttemberg gave him an annuity. But he regularly spent the whole of it during the first half of the month and had nothing to live on during the rest. Part of his small income was spent upon his daughter, who survives him. Count Eberhard composed music, and his one joy in life was to hear military bands play his compositions, of which the Alexander, Tegetthoff and Emperor William marches are still on their repertory. His purse was empty, as usual, after his three days' illness, and this cousin of the king of Wurttemberg, with his fine physique and noble bearing, had a third class funeral and no mourners except his poor landlady. He reached the age of 62 and had lived 40 years in Austria.—London Standard.

Found dead!

There is something so shocking about sudden death that the mere mention of it wrenches the nerves of sensitive people. Millions of people pray for deliverance from it. Every Sunday in every Episcopal church in the world, these words are said:

"From battle, and murder and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us."

Just why sudden death should be shocking, and death after lingering disease easy to bear, would puzzle any one to tell. It would seem that it would be more terrible to see some loved one wasting away, daily becoming weaker—daily slipping toward a death no less certain because it was slow in coming. Consumption causes more deaths than heart disease—more than cholera—more than yellow fever—more than any other disease the world has ever known. And yet people are careless about it. A man in danger of sudden death from heart disease can avoid the danger simply by keeping quiet and avoiding excitement. Consumption goes right on with its deadly work, no matter what the man does or how he conducts himself, if he doesn't take the right medicine to cure it. Consumption affects the whole body. It is a blood disease. It permeates the whole system. It shows in the lungs because the blood goes to the lungs for purification. It carries impurities there to be made pure. If there is too much impurity, the lungs are over-worked—overloaded—the impurity stops there. The germs of disease stop there. They develop and multiply and then consumption takes definite form. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, lingering coughs, throat and bronchial diseases if it is taken according to directions. Get it at drug stores; learn all about it in Dr. Pierce's great 1008 page work, "Common Sense Medical Adviser," sent FREE on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*. It contains 1008 pages, profusely illustrated. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. Every family should possess a copy for ready reference in case of sudden sickness or accidents. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NECKWEAR AND COIFFURES.

Collars of Chiffon, Lace and Flowers—Attempts at More Elaborate Hairdressing.

It is only long necked women who can indulge in the many fluffy contrivances now fashionable as neckwear. Women whose necks are short must content themselves with plain standing collars and flat arrangements which add nothing to the height of the shoulders. Ruffles of flowers, chiffon, lace and crinkled silk form charming ruches for those who can wear such accessories, and one of the newest collarettes is composed of a row of very full choux of chiffon, from the front of which

DINNER GOWN.

depends a jabot of lace. Alternating rosettes of chiffon or silk and flowers are a variation on this style which is effective.

Tam O'Shanter and bonfeater crowns are having a decided vogue. They are of cloth or velvet, plain, embroidered or spangled, and are seen in many imported hats.

There seems to be an effort in the direction of the revival of exceedingly elaborate coiffures, but it is doubtful if the fashion is again found practicable. Complicated and massive hairdressing was one of the characteristics of an era of extreme artificiality, such as is not likely to be repeated, and was, moreover, a style which obtained when personal neatness was but too little considered even among members of the most refined society of the time. After a lady's hair had been twisted, curled, puffed, padded, rolled, pomatumed, powdered and decorated it was left untouched for days at a time, the process of hairdressing being a tedious and expensive one, which was repeated as seldom as possible. Contemporary descriptions give us a painfully vivid idea of the personal uncleanliness of ladies and gentlemen who wore velvet, jewels and priceless lace in profusion, and in the portraits of many celebrated wits and beauties the artist has been careful to delineate the black lines that marked their delicate finger nails.

An illustration is given of a princess dinner gown. It is of silver gray peau de sole with applications of black guipure. The tablier is framed by two panels of old rose and mordore striped velvet, which are continued upon the bodice to form a corselet fastened with two jeweled buttons. The corsage has an extreme decolletage, which is framed in a bertha of silver gray peau de sole, with applications of points of black guipure. The balloon sleeves are of mordore velvet. A jet and pearl comb is worn in the hair with a choux of rose satin.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

ODDS AND ENDS.

On the 6th of July the earth is farther away from the sun than at any other time.

The highest inhabited place in Peru is the custom house at Ancomarca—16,000 feet above the sea level.

At Accra, on the Gold Coast, the first daily newspaper of west Africa, The Gold Coast Express, has been started. It is a four page sheet, each page the size of ordinary letter paper.

In Stepniak's latest book he stated that Russia stands third among nations in the number of books published, surpassing Great Britain. As but little fiction is printed, the enormous output of serious literature is the more remarkable.

Felt a Responsive Thrill.

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?"

"Yes, mamma, we sang a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice cream mountains.'"—Chicago Record.

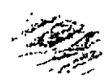
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

How a Newspaper Is Made

The inner workings of a newspaper office are revealed with photographic accuracy in a new story by Mrs. H. A. Stanley

The Story of a Newspaper War

It is full of lively incidents and dramatic situations and altogether is one of the most interesting stories we ever published.



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SIX PAGES.

MONDAY - - - FEBRUARY 2

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Probate Judge.

To the Republicans of Marion County, Ohio: I hereby respectfully solicit your support as the Republican candidate for the office of Probate Judge, at your coming county convention. Respectfully,
CHARLES F. GARBERSON.

Township Clerk.

I desire to announce my name as candidate for the nomination of Township Clerk, subject to action of the township republican convention.
FRANK BALLANTINE

March came in like a lion. It also left the door of the refrigerator open

Mrs. Stanford has won the famous Stanford case in the supreme court The court decided in her favor today.

Kansas has chosen a solid McKinley delegation to the St. Louis convention. Steadily the Ohio mahogany gathers them in

Lynchings still continue in Texas. But lynchings are tame affairs in that big state, where they have negroes to burn.

If Pearl Bryan is alive, as has been suspicioned, Jackson and Walling must have made a great mistake and killed the wrong woman.

The steamer New York has pulled out of the mud and is safe in her slip There's the McKinley boom, too. To all appearances, it has met with equal good fortune.

Anyone desiring information in regard to a copper-riveted [illegible] on a congressional nomination can find out all about it by addressing Uncle Stephen R Harris, Bucyrus, Ohio

Senator Sherman's two latest speeches in the senate were so thoroughly good that a great many people have forgotten that the distinguished Ohioan wrote that book of recollections.

The Cuban concurrent resolution was called up in the national house of representatives this afternoon, according to a late telegram. There is no apparent doubt that a favorable disposition will be made of it.

Ballington Booth, the ex-commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, announces that he will organize an army on the American plan. Commander Booth has evidently become a pretty good American.

The treasury statement for the month of February shows a slight surplus. This seems fully and satisfactorally explained by the fact that the expenditures were unusually light so that it is not likely to occur again for some time.

Senator Gear had his hearing in the bribery case postponed because of the illness of his counsel, Mr. Hare, and it is now understood that he will ask for another continuance. All this in face of Mr. Gear's former statement that he was anxious for an early hearing, so that he could prove his innocence, which he protested

The haughty Spanish are to all appearances ready to go to war at once with the United States, because the senate has recognized the Cuban provisional government as a belligerent power. Some of the hot-headed Spanish in Barcelona Sunday became so wrought up over the action of the United States senate that they stoned the American consulate in that city and had to be driven off by the police. When the house passes the concurrent resolution, which is pretty sure to be done, it is expected that the Spanish government will take some action showing the animosity of Spain toward this country. Meanwhile the frantic actions of the Spaniards are devilish amusing.

CHESS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Scores of the Two Final Games in the Great Chess Tournament.

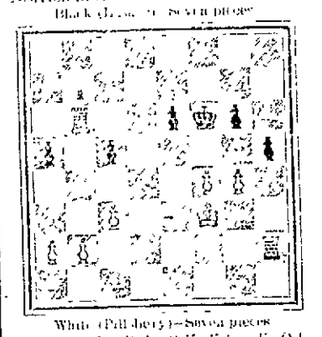
Following are the scores of the final sitting in the great international masters' chess tournament, played at St Petersburg on Jan. 27.

RUY LOPEZ

PHILIDOR White	LASKER Black	TARRASCH White	LASKER Black
1 P-K4	P-K4	16 Kt-Kt5	K-Q1
2 Kt-KB3	Q-Kt4	17 Kt-K6	K-Q2
3 P-Kt3	Q-R4	18 P-B4	P-KB3
4 Castles	Kt-B3	19 P-Q4	P-Q4
5 P-Q4	Kt-B3	20 Q-Q3	P-K5
6 B-Kt5	B-Q2	21 Kt-B4	B-Q3
7 B x Kt	B x B	22 K-B2	K-B1
8 P x P	Q P x B	23 K-B3	B-K2
9 Kt x B	Q x Kt	24 B x B	K x B
10 P x Kt	P x P	25 P—B5	B-Kt4
11 R-Kt1	B-K3	26 B-B2	B-Q7
12 Q-Q2	P-QR3	27 B-K1	B-B6
13 P-QB3	P-Q4	28 Q-Q2	B-Q7
14 P x P	B x P	29 Q-Kt5	B-B6
15 Q-Q3	P-QKt3	30 Q-R6	K-B2
16 Kt-B3	B-Q3	31 P-Kt4	P-KR3
17 P-KR3	Kt-K2	32 Q-Kt5	P-KR4
18 Q-Q2	Kt-Kt3	33 Q-R6	K-Kt1
19 Kt-Q1	Kt-B5	34 Q-Kt5	K-B2
20 Kt-B2	Kt-Q4	35 Q-R6	K-Kt1
21 Kt-Q1	Kt-B5	Drawn	

POSITION AFTER BLACK'S THIRTY-FIFTH MOVE

Black (Lasker) Seven pieces



White (Philidor)—Seven pieces

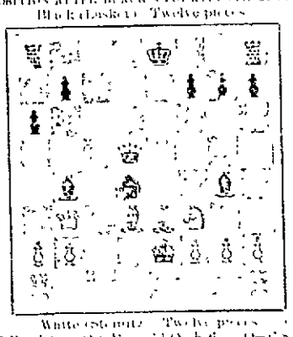
31 R—Kt5	P x P ch	41 K—K3	K—Q4
32 K—Kt3	R—Q7	42 K—Q3	P—Kt7
33 P—R4	P—Q5	43 B—Q K4	R—Kt7
34 R x P	R x P	44 B—B4 ch	K—B5
35 R—Q B5	R—Q R7	45 K—B4 ch	P—K5
36 B x P	P—Kt5	46 K—Kt3	R—R6
37 P x P ch	K x P	47 R—K5	P—K6
38 R x P ch	K—B1	48 R—K5	R—Kt8 ch
39 K—B3	R—R8	49 K—B3	R—Q R8
40 R—Q B4	R—K4	50 R x P	Drawn

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

SCHLECHTER	LASKER	STEINITZ White.	LASKER Black.
White.	Black.		
1 P—Q4	P—Q4	18 P x P	K x P
2 P—QB4	P—K3	19 Kt x Kt	P x Kt
3 Kt—QB3	Kt—KB3	20 Q—Q	B—Kt ch
4 B—Kt5	P—B4	21 K—Q2	P—Q5
5 P—K3	Kt—K2	22 P x P	B—K5
6 Kt—B3	P—QR3	23 B—B4	Q—Q1
7 P x BP	B x P	24 Q—Q3	Q—Q4
8 P—QR4	P—B4	25 P—K4	Q—Kt1
9 P x P	Q x P	26 B—K3	B—Q7
10 R—Kt1	Q—Q2	27 B—B1	B—Q6
11 B—Q3	Kt—Kt3	28 B—Q2	B—Q7
12 Castles	Castles	29 B—B1	B—Q6
13 Q—K2	P—B5	30 B—Q2	Drawn
14 P—QKt4	P x P		
15 B x P	Kt—Q4		
16 Kt x Kt	P x Kt		
17 B—Q3	Q—B3		

POSITION AFTER BLACK'S THIRTIETH MOVE

Black (Lasker) Twelve pieces



White (Steinitz) Twelve pieces

31 B x Kt	Q x B	41 Q—K6	Q—Q5 ch
32 K—K2	Q—B	42 K—K2	Q—Kt5 ch
33 K—B2	B x Kt ch	43 P—K5	Q—K7 ch
34 P—K5	B—K1	44 K—B2	P x Q
35 P—B	B—Kt3 ch	45 Q—Q7	P—R4
36 K—K3	Q—Kt3 ch	46 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2
37 K—Q3	B—K1	47 Q—Q7 ch	K—R1
38 Q—Q7	Q—K3	48 K—K3	P—Kt4
39 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	49 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
40 Q—Q7 ch	K—Kt1	50 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
41 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	51 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
42 Q—Q7 ch	K—Kt1	52 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
43 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	53 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
44 Q—Q7 ch	K—Kt1	54 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
45 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	55 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
46 Q—Q7 ch	K—Kt1	56 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
47 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	57 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
48 Q—Q7 ch	K—Kt1	58 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
49 Q—Q8 ch	K—R2	59 Q—Q8 ch	K—Kt2
50 Q—Q7	P—Kt4	60 Q—Q7 ch	K—B1
51 R—R5	K—Kt2	61 R—K5	R—Q8
52 K—K3	P—Kt5	62 R—Kt5 ch	K—B2
53 K—B4	P—Kt6	63 R—Kt6	R—Q
54 R—Kt5	K—B2	Drawn	

A United Family.

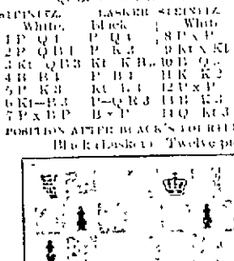
"Who are those people coming toward us?"

"They are Dr. Binks and Mrs. Dr. Binks and Master Dr. Binks and Miss Dr. Binks."—Chicago Record.

He Was Busy.

Tommy—Papa, there is a large black bug on the ceiling.

Professor very busy—Step on it and leave me alone.—Fliegende Blatter.



Biliousness

Is caused by torpidity of the liver. This prevents the digestion of food, which ferments and decomposes in the stomach and causes distress, dizziness, headache, heartburn, nervousness. Hood's Pills invigorate the liver, cure biliousness, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, etc. 25c. at all druggists.

MAY BE TO HIS CREDIT.

Secretary Carlisle's Change of Views on Finance.

THE CLAIMS OF HIS FRIENDS.

Yet He Is Bitterly Opposed by the Elements in His Party With Which He Was Once on Most Cordial Terms Now Between the Rock and the Whirlpool.

WASHINGTON, March 2.—[Special.]—President Cleveland would like to have Mr Carlisle go on to work with Democratic party in the coming campaign but he is about given up hope of hearing about his nomination. The receding bitterness against Mr Carlisle felt by all members of the party who are friendly to silver is the chief stumbling block in the way. The silver men say they would prefer Cleveland himself, or a Wall street banker, to the secretary of the treasury. This bitterness is not of a personal nature. It all springs from Mr Carlisle's change, or alleged change of position on the silver question. The Democrats who are devoted to the cause of free coinage look upon Mr Carlisle as a traitor. Men who are still on terms of personal friendship with the secretary of the treasury claim he has betrayed the movement to secure free silver as the law of the land.

Pro and Con of the Case.

Of course there are two points of view of this matter, and the friends of Mr Carlisle have no difficulty in furnishing for him what they regard as an adequate defense. In the first place, they point out that he never was an out and out free silver man. While he once advocated what was tantamount to free coinage conditions were different then. At the same time they do not deny that, to some extent, Mr Carlisle has changed his views. That he has done so, they claim, is wholly to his credit. They ask why should not a man develop his opinions and his learning; why should he not grow with the country; why should he not meet new conditions as they arise frankly and fearlessly, even at the risk of being accused of the crime of changing his mind?

This is the pro and con of the case. The interesting fact remains that Mr. Carlisle's chances for the Democratic nomination are considered very poor, because he is so bitterly opposed by those elements of the party with which he was formerly on most cordial terms. But for this state of facts it is probable Mr. Carlisle would, to a certain extent, be made the political heir of the president. It may now be considered doubtful if the plan which Mr. Cleveland had in mind when he selected Mr Carlisle for secretary of the treasury has been much of a success. Mr. Cleveland is a pretty long headed politician and builds much more wisely at times than people are willing to give him credit for. He calculates a long way ahead and shows great genius now and then for estimating. The effect of certain actions and policies of this nature was his selection of Mr Carlisle for secretary of the treasury. Mr Carlisle had been identified with the free silver and low tariff wing of the party. He had been looked up to as one of the greatest states men produced by the western and southwestern section by which he had many friends and followers. The president had in mind even then the policy of retiring the greenbacks and repealing the Sherman law, which he has since followed with so much persistency. He believed that, with a man like Carlisle as his secretary of the treasury, he would be able to mold the party to his will. He believed Mr. Carlisle would give him much assistance in carrying out this policy.

A Fruitless Struggle.

While it would not be true to say that Mr. Carlisle has disappointed him altogether in this it is perfectly fair to say that his help has not been what Mr Cleveland expected or what Mr Carlisle had believed he could give. In the struggle for the repeal of the Sherman law Mr. Carlisle was not of much assistance. This was not due to lack of zeal on his part, nor to energy or good judgment, but wholly to circumstances beyond his control—to that same bitterness of feeling entertained by the secretary's former friends which has already been spoken of. In fact, during those memorable days of the extra session it was well understood that Mr. Carlisle's efforts to help his chief only made the muddle deeper and more difficult of extrication. So it was, too, with the effort made in the recent congress to secure a reformation of the currency system. Mr Carlisle worked hard in that matter. He spent scores of nights at close study in his room, and by day he was vigilant and active. He sank all personal considerations, swallowed the taunts of his former associates, even lost personal friendships, severed some of the closest ties which he existed during his career in the house of representatives, in order to serve his chief, but without avail. The house of representatives, though Democratic would not respond to his leadings, and the effort resulted in failure.

While all this was going on, and the secretary of the treasury was pulling out of sympathy with a majority of the members of his party in congress he was failing to make headway to the friendship of the bankers and leading financiers of New York. Mr Carlisle was in danger of being wrecked between Scylla and Charybdis. He had lost caste with the old friends of the south and west because he had gone over to Wall street in their estimation, and had failed to find favor with Wall street because, in their estimation, he had been a free silver man and an enemy to all that they held dear.

A "Sound Money" Campaigner.

There did come a time when Mr Carlisle's lack of sympathy and understanding with Wall street threatened serious consequences. That was when it first became necessary to float a loan in order to replenish the gold reserve. It is a most interesting chapter of recent administration history, that that loan narrowly escaped failure for the simple reason that the Wall street chaps wanted to punish Carlisle for daring to stand out against them. It was saved through the personal influence of the president, who called to his assistance John A Stewart, a prominent banker.

Mr Carlisle's greatest success in the role which his chief expected him to play was as a sound money campaigner in the west and south. Nothing in recent history, not excepting Mr Cleveland's speeches in Kentucky and in Memphis last spring has ever been seen on the stump in this country. Those speeches have exerted tremendous influence in that section of country, as is shown by the political results in Kentucky. Mr Carlisle may become the administration candidate for the presidency but at this writing it seems doubtful. WALTER WELLMAN.

MR FREDERICK POLLOCK

He Prepared the Statement of Great Britain's Case in the Venezuelan Dispute.

Sir Frederick Pollock, who prepared the statement of Great Britain's case in the Venezuelan dispute which has just been presented to parliament, is professor of jurisprudence at Oxford and a grand-on of the famous Sir Frederick Pollock who held the office of chief baron of the exchequer and who was one of the famous legal lights of England in the middle of the present century as well as a literary man of great renown. The present Sir Frederick is as great a lawyer, if not a greater one, than his grandfather. He is about 50 years old and was educated at Eton and Trinity college, Cambridge, of which he became fellow in 1868. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1871 and became examiner in law at Cambridge in 1879, holding the position for two years. In 1883 he was appointed Corpus professor of jurisprudence at Oxford and in 1884 professor of common law.

Besides this, he has figured quite conspicuously in the world of letters. He is

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

editor of The Law Quarterly Review and has been librarian of the Alpine club since 1881. He has published many legal books which are standards of reference, including "Principles of Contract," "Digest of the Law of Partnership," "The Land Laws," "Spinoza, His Life and Philosophy," "Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics" and several other works, besides articles on various periodicals. His legal works are found in most of the law libraries in this country.

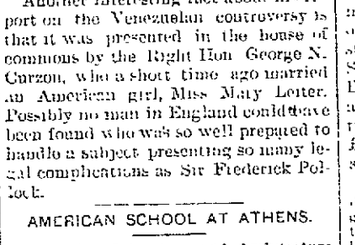
Another interesting fact about his report on the Venezuelan controversy is that it was presented in the house of commons by the Right Hon George N. Curzon, who a short time ago married an American girl, Miss Mary Leiter. Possibly no man in England could have been found who was so well prepared to handle a subject presenting so many legal complications as Sir Frederick Pollock.

AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

Grecian Art, Literature and Architecture Studied Under Favorable Surroundings.

Amid the historic ruins of ancient Athens and in the very locality where once lived the fathers of the classics is located the American School of Classic Studies, which has just been granted some important concessions by the Grecian government. The present school is an offshoot of the American Institute of Archaeology, under whose auspices it was founded in 1884. For the first five years of its existence the school had its headquarters in a hired house near the ruins of the Olympium. The Greek government, however, in 1887 gave to the school a plot of land on the southern slope of Mount Lycabettus, which is in the suburbs of the modern city of Athens. Here a substantial three story stone building was put up, and it has been occupied since 1888.

The American school is mainly supported by an association of the principal colleges in this country, and in return for an annual subscription of $250 each college is entitled to send one graduate,



BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

who may remain at the school for a term of one year, tuition free. Grecian art, language and architecture are taken up under the most advantageous conditions and with surroundings that must necessarily be a constant inspiration. While the excavation of the ancient ruins is only part of the work attempted, still some very creditable results have been obtained and some valuable discoveries made. The school has just completed a successful work at Argos, where an ancient temple, thought to be the oldest whose columns are still standing, has been uncovered. An interesting report of this discovery is soon to be published.

The president of the trustees of the American school is Professor Charles Eliot Norton, for years one of the most popular professors at Harvard and also the last remaining member of a coterie of distinguished scholars and literary men, of which Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell were members. The present director of the school is Dr. Rufus B Richardson, formerly of Dartmouth college. Dr Charles Waldstein is professor of art and Professor Benjamin I Wheeler is professor of Greek language and literature.

Three Turkish Irons.

Turkey is popularly spoken of as "the land of the Turks." It is said of the Ottoman empire that the sun never sets on it. Although I [illegible] the term Turkey as applied to the Turkish government, apart from the management, seems to be the proper one to use. It was upon a certain

HERO WITH A BIG H.

GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW, A LEADER IN AMERICA'S OLD GUARD.

A Brilliant Martial Career, Beginning and Ending With the Second Corps—He Was a Volunteer and Won His Way by Fighting—Thrilling War Scenes Recalled.

[Copyright, [illegible] by American Press Association.]

SELDOM is it possible to begin the life story of a hero with a blare of trumpets, yet bring it to a conclusion with a climax of glory.

The veteran soldier whose taking off the other day was heralded by local biographical notices about the length of a page in a child's primer was one whom future generations must class with the fighting Putnams, Waynes and Starks of the Revolution. The life story of General Francis C. Barlow is the history of the Second army corps, and General Barlow had as much to do with making the history of that famous body of soldiers as any man in it, and perhaps more than any, not excepting Hancock himself. Barlow was there first, he was there last, and without such gallant lieutenants as Barlow neither Hancock nor the corps would have achieved the distinction in battle which fully entitles the latter to be called the "Old Guard" of the Union army. Barlow led in every charge of that corps but one, and then he was lying wounded.

Barlow, first of all, was a volunteer, and that means that he had to fight again as hard and achieve again as much as a West Point graduate before he could obtain chances for distinction and the promotions which would open up other chances to him. How he won his first chance is told in his own official report of his first battle. This report, by the way, is one of the curiosities of that kind of war literature. The battle was the second day at Fair Oaks, when General Howard was ordered to take his brigade out and try to recover ground which the Confederates had captured the previous day. Barlow's regiment, the Sixty first New York, was one of the four under Howard. Howard started with two regiments only, the Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York. Early in the action Howard was disabled and turned the command of these two regiments over to Barlow. This is Barlow's account of his first stewardship:

After maneuvering some 15 minutes we came upon the —— Pennsylvania volunteers hastily engaging the enemy. I requested Colonel B—— to cease firing that we might pass in front of him. This was done, and we advanced upon the enemy, who was driven up in the before us and kept up a heavy firing. After advancing some 25 yards beyond Colonel B——'s regiment I halted among thick undergrowth. Not willing to deliver our fire until we could see those opposed to us I ordered the regiment to cease firing. We then moved forward in excellent order some 150 yards, meeting with a heavy fire, but not seeing the enemy with sufficient distinctness to warrant, in my opinion, our halting and renewing the fire. On arriving upon the crest of a hill within some 20 yards of the road running parallel to the railroad and directly opposite the (former) camp of Casey's division, which he on my last occupied, the battalion was halted, the enemy being plainly in sight by the roadside, and at once opened fire, receiving a very heavy one in return. This continued for a considerable time, and it was then that our principal loss occurred. We drove the enemy back and he ceased firing.

The loss of Barlow's own regiment was 110 killed and wounded, 25 per cent of its fighting strength. Every American soldier recalls at the proper time the Bunker Hill command, "Wait till you see the whites of their eyes," when the enemy is advancing, but how many of the thousands of the flesh colonels and embryo brigadiers of the last war had the wisdom and coolness to go on a still hunt for the whites of their enemies' eyes through a swampy forest, raked by the fire of unseen riflemen?

Most biographies state that Barlow's gallantry at Fair Oaks was regarded by a general's staff. That is untrue. He was a colonel at Antietam, in command of a demibrigade in the Second corps, which included his own regiment. In fact, it was half of the Howard brigade of Fair Oaks and the peninsula. It is a matter of well known history that the Second corps division of Sedgwick and Richardson made one of the most desperate charges of the day at Antietam. Richardson was killed while directing the fire of A. P. Hill from the famous sunken road which American valor christened for all time the "Bloody Lane." Barlow was wounded in struggling forward toward the sunken road, and then and there earned that brigadier general's star.

Another well known story of Antietam is the gallant fight of the Irish brigade. Barlow, with the Sixty-first and Sixty-fourth New York, rushed to the aid of those plucky Irishmen. He attacked the Confederates lying behind the bank of the sunken road, capturing 3 to 5 pieces and 3 battle flags. Then seeing the enemy advancing upon the right of the Irish brigade, already terribly cut up, he changed front under fire and attacked the new enemy, sheltered behind a stone wall. At some distance from Barlow, upon a knoll in the orchard and on a field, the Confederates had planted a battery to sweep the approaches to the sunken road. They buried canister and spherical case upon Richardson's men, and a shot from the left struck Barlow in the groin, giving him a most painful wound.

The Second corps was relieved from the front at three o'clock on the 17th by Burnside's corps at Antietam. Hancock passed over from the extreme right to the command of Richardson's division. Barlow was [illegible] for his wound and Hancock [illegible] the front he was given a brigade in the Eleventh corps. It was upon a second

GENERAL BARLOW.

and leaped over the parapets, cheering his men forward. They mounted the breastworks of the enemy and seized some battleflags and prisoners.

In all the fighting of the corps before Petersburg up to midsummer Barlow was conspicuous. At Ream's Station he was borne upon a stretcher, worn out with wounds, sickness and exposure. Word had just reached him that his wife had died from disease contracted while nursing the wounded soldiers. We read of the sick Napoleon carried into battle in a coach and marvel over it, but he was fighting for his own life and crown.

During the pursuit of Lee after Petersburg fell, Barlow's division led the second corps column, and by his personal energy and celerity he seized the defiles of the Appomattox and the roads which enabled the Union infantry to close up on the rear of the Confederates while scarcely in touch across their pathway in front. The volunteer colonel had become a major general.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

His Claim to the Title.

"What's his professional singer?"

"Oh, yes—that is, he professes to sing."—Chicago Record.

SEEKS AFTER TRUTH.

DENVER WATCHMAKER TO DWELL WITH NATURE FAR FROM CROWDS

Will Travel in a Novel Wagon Hidden Secrets Will Be Fathomed—Such the Eastern Mystics Have Learned on Tibet, Lofty Heights.

Elisha Lane of Denver has just started out on an expedition so novel that the gallery quest of Diogenes for an honest man is child's play compared with it.

Mr. Lane's mission is "to wrest from nature her secrets," and he plainly proposes to go about this task by "putting himself in harmony with nature."

To this end he has had built a house-wagon in which he will travel from Denver clear through to southern California, halting by the way wherever the lisp of leaves, the brawl of mountain streams or the soughing of winds in primeval forests seems to be telling the secret of which he longs to become possessed.

This latest seeker after truth will not, however, travel alone. He will be accompanied by his wife and three little children, aged 5 years, 3 years and 9 months, respectively.

The itinerant home for this family cost $750, and it will be drawn by two horses. It is 12 feet long, 6 feet wide and 6 feet high, and is made of pine boards 2¼ inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, placed vertically. Under the driver's seat is a tool box the space beneath the body of the wagon is to be used for storing household goods, and at the rear is a feed box for the horses. The entrance is at the rear through a door of polished oak with glass panels, and the interior is quite in keeping with this handsome entrance.

The floor is handsomely carpeted, the portieres are hung on bronze rods, the wall [illegible] artistically papered [illegible] two windows, 20 by 24 inches each, are provided with dainty lace curtains.

Across the front end of the wagon an oak seat runs which becomes the support for the head of a bed, which is released by a spring from its position in the wall. A bed similarly devised is at the left of the door.

By careful economy in space this room also contains a tiny chiffonier, a plate glass mirror, a washstand, a folding writing table with drawers and pigeonholes, and a stove, the ashes of which will be dropped to the ground through a sort of funnel.

Every detail of this conveyance was planned by Mr. Lane himself, who is a man of about 31 years and a watchmaker by trade. He was born in Bowling Green, Ky. He married Miss Carrie MacFarland of Leavenworth, Kan., and lived in Kansas City until July last, when he removed to Denver. In appearance Lane bears a striking resemblance to Schlatter. He is entirely self educated, not to say uneducated, for by his own confession only two years ago he was unable to read Shakespeare with any appreciation of his meaning.

The sum total of his philosophy as expressed by him is: "I claim that there is some secret force, some hidden power in nature, which men have not discovered. A few men have caught fitful gleams of this occult force, and thereby they have become wise beyond their generation. Luther was one of these men and Schlatter is another. To gain this knowledge a man must follow nature, and it is for that reason that I allow my hair and beard to grow. When I reach the mountains, I shall hope to touch that higher state which has enabled the adepts of India in Tibet to acquire their mystic power.

In order to sustain the material man on the way to the wellsprings of "Hidden Truth," Mr. Lane will halt from time to time in mining camps and in small towns, and take heed of time by mending watches and selling eyeglasses.—New York World.

Diamond Thief as an Author.

Richard Hardin, alias Ketcham, alias Wilson, the convicted diamond robber, has applied to the sheriff not to be transferred to the Indiana prison north until he finishes writing a book, on which he has been busy for several days, in which he purposes to give a true history of the celebrated Wells-Fargo robbery, in which he was implicated. He asserts that the book will cause consternation in high circles and that he is encouraged to write it by one of the leading detectives in the employ of the Wells-Fargo company. The sheriff is not inclined to grant his request.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Half Niagara Falls Ran Dry.

For the first time in half a century the American falls practically ran dry on Feb. 13 of this year. By the formation of an ice bridge or dam extending from Schlosser's dock on the American side about half way across the river, the water was almost entirely diverted to the Canadian falls.

That morning it was possible for a time for a man with a plank to have walked from the mainland to Goat island without wetting his feet, and indeed to walk between all the islands on side of Goat island.

A Youthful Engineer.

The little town of Spann, in Johnson county, Ga., can probably boast of the youngest engineer in the state. Ben Alvin Hanebury, who is only 14 years of age and who has been a locomotive engineer for five years. He runs an engine on a tram road operated by Garrett Bros., in connection with their large sawmills. At the age of 9, Alvin became a fireman and ran on several roads and at 9 took charge of an engine on the road by which he is now employed.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Tyranny That Holds Him.

There's a man in Pasadena who is so pecked that his wife won't allow him to begin a divorce suit.—Los Angeles Express.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE MANHATTAN.

The coming of Spring is impressively suggested at the Manhattan by the arrivals daily of fashionable wearing apparel, especially in our

Children's Department.

Hundreds of bright suits for boys, each one calculated to improve the appearance of any boy. Here is the department that we take special pride in because the saying is: "Please the Boy and You Please the Family."

Commencing Saturday And Continuing One Week,

We will show you goods at prices you never heard of. Children's Knee Pants, good and strong.... **19c**

We bought 25 dozen Children's Knee Pants, all colors—black, blue, gray, brown and Scotch-mixed goods; double knee and double seat, to sell for 50c, 75c, $1.00. for one week your choice for any of them, sizes 5 years to 15 years **50c**

In Children's Hats And Caps!

The styles are elegant. Here you will find the largest assortment in the city. Tam O'Shanters, Napoleons, Golf and Eton Caps in large variety, comprising all the latest shades and handsome adornments.

In our Men's Department we call special attention to our new stock of Spring Overcoats, comprising all of the latest styles and shades.

The New Covert or English Box,

A beauty, cut 35 inches long. We show you a line of Spring Goods that are strictly up to date. No ancient antiquities, all new, fresh goods and the prices—well, look what follows:

Men's All-wool Suits, All Colors

$6.00, $7.00, $7.50, $8.00, $8.50, $9, $9.50, $10.00.

Young Men's Dept.

All the new things in Cheviots and Cassimeres, Fly front Vests, Flap Pockets. Prices

$6.00, $8.00, $10.00, $12.00.

ALL THE NEW NECKWEAR.
New styles of white and fancy Shirts.

The Manhattan,

McWilliams Block.

THE E. G. ALLEN HOME

THE SCENE OF A BIRTHDAY PARTY SATURDAY NIGHT

The Sunflowers Celebrate the Fourteenth Birthday of One of Their Membership. Dainty Refreshments Served—Handsome Remembrances Presented.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E G Allen, of east Center street, was the scene of a party last Saturday night which was not the less enjoyable that it was unexpected.

About 7 o'clock that one of our thousand and one social clubs the members of which denominate themselves "The Sunflowers" assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Tristram.

An hour later the party proceeded to the Allen home and was secreted in the darkened parlors and Mrs. Allen sent for.

The occasion of the surprise was Mrs. Allen's fourteenth birthday and that it might be complete she had been invited to spend the evening at the Keiler home next door, Mr. Allen remaining at home, as he said, to read but in reality to receive "The Sunflowers," for be was up to his ears in the conspiracy.

All the guests being present Mrs. Allen was called home to see the birthday present that had been sent her.

When she arrived the guests rushed out of the parlor and if the surprise was not, to use the old stereotyped phrase, "complete," she let the fact to make them believe it was and the evening's merriment commenced

The Sunflowers presented her with a very elegant cut glass dish and many other handsome remembrances were presented by members of the family.

Delicate refreshments had been prepared, unknown to Mrs. Allen, under the supervision of Mrs. H E. Allen, and the spread was heartily enjoyed by the guests.

After refreshments games suitable to the celebration of a fourteenth birthday, such as "ring on the ribbon" and "where's the ring" were played until a late hour, and the boys and girls of two and three score, were as merry as though they were still bordering on "sweet sixteen."

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. B. Tristram, Mr and Mrs. C. H. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hane, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McNeal, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Denman, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wright, Mesdames W. H. Eckhart, Robert Beatty, H. T. Van Fleet, E. J. Fairfield, T. P Wallace E. Boalt, U. F. Seffner, F. R. Saiter, M. Leonard, M. Keiler, M. Whitmarsh, M. Patten, T. B. Fisher, E. P. Turner and Miss Taylor.

PERSONAL

C. Abel is home from Mt. Gilead.

M. Waddell is at Columbus today on business.

T. M. Cunningham went to Lima today on business.

Faust Mackey spent Sunday with relatives at Shelby.

Miss Farber, of Galion, is the guest of friends in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hipsher spent Sunday with friends in Caledonia.

Will Munsinger, Jr., was the guest of Walter Wright at Dayton Sunday.

D. C. Nelson is in attendance at the county Sunday school convention at Caledonia.

Drs. J. H. Criswell and H. L. Uhler made a professional visit to Caledonia Sunday afternoon.

Sam Oppenheimer, Jr., and wife, and Mrs. Trausman, of Caledonia, spent Sunday in this city.

Lloyd Lee, of Huntington, Ind., was the guest of James Garfield, of north State street, over Sunday.

Rev. J. L. Hillman left at noon for Caledonia, to be present at the Sunday school convention there today and tomorrow.

The Misses Lukenbill, of Delaware, and Miss Lydia Dumm, of Columbus, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Van Lukenbill over Sunday.

Mrs. R. C. Tritt and Miss L. E. Taylor, of King's Creek, who have been the guests of their sister, Mrs. A J. Wiant, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. H. C. Fribley and two daughters leave tomorrow for the Indian River, Fla. Returning they will spend the month of April at Thomasville, Georgia.

F. M. Demming, of Marion, Ind., a former professor of the Lime City Business college, spent Sunday in the city the guest of Cicero Zachman, of south Prospect street.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets via the Buckeye Route

Will be sold to certain points in Alabama, Arizona, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia at extremely low rates of fare, on January 27 and 28, and February 10 and 11 and March 9 and 10. For full particulars as to rates, time of trains and information in general write to agents C., H. V. and T. Ry. or W. H. Fisher, G. P. and T. A., Columbus, O. 55-t38

Have you an endowment policy that will provide for your family in case of death, or will provide for you when older and not so able to work as now? If not, be sure and see some of the Union Central agents and take out one without delay, as the older you are the more it will cost you and the longer it will be until you get your money.

Narrow-made, leather belts, a few "import order" samples, 25c up at Yake's. 84-t2

"Pure and Sure."

Cleveland's BAKING POWDER

"I have used Cleveland's Baking Powder exclusively for several years, because I have found it what it claims to be—pure and wholesome and uniformly satisfactory."

MRS. MARY J. LINCOLN, *Author Boston Cook Book.*

THE TIC TACS

Give a Full Dress Rehearsal at the Y. M. C. A. Tonight.

Tonight the Tic Tac club gives a full dress rehearsal with orchestra, at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, the last before the entertainment, tomorrow night.

All the acts will be gone through, all the numerous stage properties used and the only difference between tonight's performance and that of tomorrow evening will be that the artist's faces will not be blackened

Quite a number, for whom attendance tomorrow evening will be impossible by reason of business and other engagements, will pay admission at the door and be present.

As 300 tickets have now been sold it is assured that the show will be a great financial success. That it would be an artistic success was easily understood long since, when the only line in which the show was weak, its vocal solos, was made strong by Messrs. Uhler, Hume and Martin signifying their willingness to sing.

IN ATTACHMENT

A Suit Occupied the Attention of 'Squire McKinley Today.

The case of W. F. Coleman against Chas. S. Baird, as receiver of Workman Bros., came up in 'Squire McKinley's court this morning, C. F. Garberson appearing for the plaintiff and J. A. Wolford for the defendant.

Coleman seeks to attach the bottling works to collect a bill for rent amounting to some $60.

The defense maintains that the goods cannot be attached as they are in the hands of the probate court and that the only relief which Mr. Coleman may secure is to prorate with the other creditors as he has already filed his bill in the probate court.

COMMON PLEAS COURT.

C. F. Garberson Saturday filed in the court of common pleas a reply for Lemuel Fite in his case against the C. C. C. and St. L. Ry. company.

Johnston & Young as attorneys for Hugh T. Smith Saturday filed a motion for a new trial in the case of Ida Peak against Hugh T. Smith.

Cyrus Sears Saturday filed in the common pleas court his answer to the supplemented petition of Rosa Van Horn against Stephen Kerr and others

In each of the three cases of Charles W. Roberts and Frank H. Roberts, as partners under the firm name of Roberts Brothers, against John Hill in the court of common pleas, W. Z. Davis as attorney for the plaintiffs, filed Saturday an amended petition setting up that a certificate of the partnership of the plaintiffs had been filed with the clerk of courts of Crawford county, the principal place of business of the firm, and that such certificates had been duly filed by the clerk.

Geo. W. Jones, by his attorneys, F. M. Wickman, F. M. Marriott and J. F. McNeal & Sons, today filed a motion in the court of common pleas for a new trial in the case of Jones against Mohr and others.

A Little Saturday Fracas.

J. S. Simpson and Dick Ruth had a little trouble at the door of Dutton's barber shop Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock.

Simpson was just entering the shop from the street when Ruth caught him by the coat tails and pulling him back hit him in the head.

Simpson appeared to be dazed by the blow and circled into the street and reaching Felty's butcher shop grabbed a knife and started back toward the street.

Ruth had taken after him through the crowd but was stopped on the street railway tracks by Marshal Blain.

When Simpson saw that Ruth had been stopped by the officer he returned the knife and walked away.

The trouble collected a large crowd, which dispersed as quickly almost as it came together, as soon as the principals had disappeared.

It is stated that Ruth wished to collect a bill which, he claimed, Simpson owed him.

Real Estate Transfers.

David A. Carter and wife to William Reeser, 44½ acres in Prospect township, $2400.

John G. Ruth and wife to Wilson Imbody, 1 acre in Montgomery township, $20.

Ezekiel Brown and wife to C. F. Barnthouse, lot 21 in Morral, $800.

Richard Chard to Gottlop Keller, 45 acres in Green Camp township, $2813.22.

Benjamin B. Bonnell and wife to John H. Nickelson, 1 acre in Pleasant township, $2866.6[illegible]

J. H. Dwyer and wife to Mack C. Brady, lot 3683 in J. H. Dwyer's fourth addition to Marion, $175.

J. H. Dwyer and wife to Van H. Messenger, lot 3681 in J. H. Dwyer's fourth addition to Marion, $175.

J. H. Dwyer and wife to George H. Brady, lot 3682 in J. H. Dwyer's fourth addition to Marion, $175.

WILL NOT HURRY

In the Matter of Granting a Gas Franchise.

It is not probable that the city council will grant a franchise to the proposed new gas company at the regular meeting this evening. While it will not be refused, there is a disposition among councilmen to proceed slowly, notwithstanding the projectors are anxious to have the matter settled as early as possible for the reason that some haste is necessary to get the matter before a vote of the people at the spring election.

The matter was referred at the last meeting to a committee of the whole council and the city solicitor. A meeting has been held, but it was very informal, and nothing definite done There is some doubt of the matter being called up at tonight's meeting.

AMONG THE CHURCHES

The customary Sunday services occurred at the Free Baptist church.

There were interesting service at the Calvary Evangelical church Sunday.

Twenty-eight members were received into the Presbyterian church Sunday.

Rev. J. W. Armstrong preached interestingly at St. Paul's Episcopal church Sunday morning and evening

Rev. J. W. James, of Richwood, will assist at the revival services to be conducted this week at the State Street Baptist church.

There was preaching at the State Street Baptist church Sunday morning and evening and large sized congregations were present at both meetings.

Rev. W. E. Thomas preached two effective sermons Sunday to large congregations. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered in the morning.

The preaching at both the Reformed and the Evangelical Lutheran churches Sunday, was better than usual, which is saying much as both Rev. Mr. Witthoff and Rev. Mr. Nicklas are forceful speakers.

The Bible Christian church held services at its place of meeting on Jefferson street, Sunday. The subjects for the morning and evening sermons were "The Great Teacher" and "Christ our Refuge," respectively.

The wonderfully interesting and profitable revival services which have been going on at the United Brethren church came to a end last night.

These meetings have been most liberally attended and as the interest at all times has been at the highest, a wonderful amount of good has been accomplished.

Two decidedly interesting sermons were preached by Rev. A. Skidmore at the Christian church, Sunday, to large congregations.

The subject for the morning service was "Christ's mission to the world;" that of the evening service was "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His."

Rev. J.L. Hillman preached two very eloquent sermons to large audiences at the Epworth M. E. church Sunday.

In the evening the speaker took his text from I Samuel 28:11—"Then said the woman 'Whom shall I bring unto thee?' and he said 'bring me up Samuel.'"

The sermon was in denunciation of spiritualism and spiritual seances, and the speaker said that these so-called seances were ninety per cent. deception and ten per cent. devil and at that he thought he was a little hard on the devil.

Mr. Hillman announced that the service last night ended the revival services at the Epworth church, but that the regular church exercises and prayer meetings for some time to come would be of an evangelistical nature.

ROYAL Baking Powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report.

FOR RENT—A desirable home on east Church street, April 1. Inquire of R. A. Boyd, 571 east Church street. 71-tf

FOR RENT—an eight-room house on east Center street, second house west of M. E. church. Inquire at the Marion County Bank. 78tf

FOR RENT—Nice eight and nine room houses in good location. A. Barton, 130 north Main street. 86-t

FOR RENT—House of seven rooms and cellar, situate on south State street. Will be for rent April 1st. Enquire of Mrs. E. S. Bull, 292 south State street.

FOR RENT—Store room, 130 east Center street, for any clean, legitimate business. 81-tf WILSON PETERS.

FOR SALE—Desirable property on Wood street, large rooms and large veranda, all well finished, a good well and cistern and all kinds of choice fruit. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. For further information inquire of owner, West Marion. 83-t6 MRS. MARY FORTNEY.

WANTED TO RENT—Small house for one family or double house for two. Centrally located, if possible. Call at 157½ west Center street, third floor. 1

A Sympathetic Sentiment.

"Do you called on that new woman who goes in for athletics," said Pladding Pete

"Yes," replied Meandering Mike, as he stopped rubbing his elbow long enough to mop his handkerchief over his right eye, "I did. An I got a good deal the worst of it."

"Is her husband at home?"

"I dunno. But I hope fur his own sake that he ain't."—Washington Star.

What company has now and has had for twenty years the highest interest rate and the lowest death rate of any company? The Union Central. 83-tf

Real Estate BARGAINS.

FOR TERMS AND PRICES ENQUIRE OF

FRED W. PETERS,

Office on N. Main St., over Deposit Bank.

A cozy residence of 7 rooms, close to the business center of the city, south of the residence of Mrs. M A. Peters, on south Prospect street.

The residence of Mrs. M. A. Peters, on south Prospect street, containing 10 rooms and bath room, with all modern improvements.

200 lots in Ivanhoe Addition for sale cheap.

A tract of land, on Jefferson street, of 3 and 37-100 acres.

An 8 room house on Delaware avenue with two cellars, one 18x28 and one 14x22, 125 barrel cistern, waterworks in house and yard. Barn 18x24 with slate roof. Cash payment of $1200 down and the rest to suit purchaser.

HANDY —FOR— COAL OR WOOD!

Our new up-town office is in room of the Marion Bazar.

Our Telephone is 169.

We solicit your Coal and Wood orders and believe we can satisfy you ully.

We can give prompt service.

You can order by 'phone or by calling at up-town office at Bazar or at our yards on Quarry street, west of Huber works.

GROSSCUP & PLANK.

FOR

FIRE INSURANCE

—GO TO—

Ault & Kling

NELSON'S JEWELRY STORE.

Something New In Optical Goods.

We have added to our already large line something entirely new in this market . . . . . .

Brazilian Axis Cut Pebbles, Finest in the World.

We are selling them at their former cost price. See them before you buy.

M. Nelson & Sons.

P. R. SAITER,

STOVES, RANGES, MANTELS, AND TILE.

MARION ROOFING WORKS.

131 S. MAIN ST

ESTABLISHED 1863

Agent for the Economy Furnace. Getting Prices.

COAL

L. B. GURLEY
Sole Agent for
Sunday Creek Coal
Office North of Jail.
TELEPHONE NO. 67

NEW

WINTER GOODS.

Williams & Leffler

THE LEADING TAILORS.

Have now in stock all the Newest Designs, Colors and Mixtures. A great variety of Plain Goods, in all makes, which they will make up at the lowest possible prices, consistent with first-class workmanship. Satisfaction is always given.

Your Linen Looks Best When You Get It

DONE AT ANTHONY'S.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.

The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00.
DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., - Cleveland, Ohio.

Wholesaled and retailed at L. Dunlon & Co.'s

OF THE MAKING OF MANY NEWSPAPERS THERE IS NO END.

THERE are Cheap Papers and Cheaper Papers, Good Papers and Better Papers, and there is

ONE NEWSPAPER WHICH IS THE BEST OF ALL.

THERE are Papers which print a LITTLE news, and Papers which print LESS news; Papers which print SOME of the news, Papers which print MORE of the news, and there is

ONE NEWSPAPER WHICH PRINTS THE MOST NEWS OF ALL.

THERE are Papers which are worth what they cost, and Papers which are worth more than they cost; Papers which would be dear at any price, and Papers which are GOOD as well as CHEAP, and there is

ONE NEWSPAPER WHICH IS THE GREATEST BARGAIN OF ALL.

THERE are people who read ONE Paper, people who read ANOTHER Paper, and people who read SEVERAL Papers. If YOU want to buy more than one, it is your privilege, but YOU will not find it necessary if YOU will wisely subscribe for the

ONE NEWSPAPER . . . .

WHICH is the best of all, because it prints the most news of all, and which is the greatest bargain of all, because it gives the BEST VALUES for the LEAST MONEY,

THE STAR

THE DAILY.		THE WEEKLY.	
Per week (by carrier)	10 cts	Per year (in advance)	$1.00
Per year (by mail)	$4.00	Per year	$1.50

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY STAR,

Phone 51. **W. G. HARDING, Prop.**

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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GOLD, SILVER AND SPANGLE BELTS

49 Cts. UP.

THE NEW LEATHER BELTS 25c UP.

= D. YAKE.=

ASK TO SEE OUR 39c AND 49c FEATHER BOAS FOR SPRING WEAR.

COAL! BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL at

Telephone No. 6. Linsley & Lawrence's.

I. B. CARLISLE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Cash Grocer.

In buying groceries give best attention to quality, then consider the lowest prices. This is our motto—you should practice it.

New York H. P. navy beans per pound 3c, 10 pounds for	25c
New York buckwheat 10 pounds for	25c
Kettle rendered leaf lard 3 pounds for	25c
Standard tomatoes per can 6c, per dozen	70c
Standard corn per can 5c, per dozen	57c
Fancy 2 Crown raisins 5c pound, 7 pounds for	25c
Fancy cleaned currants 5c pound, 6 pounds for	25c
Best sifted grain popper per pound 15c, 2 pounds for	25c
Best package coffee per package	20c
Work's, Star and Lenox soap 7 bars for	25c
New California prunes 3 pounds for	20c
Mince meat 3 packages for	20c
Best sugar cured hams per pound	10½c

These are only a few of the bargains we have for you Call around and see for yourself.

I. B. CARLISLE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CASH GROCER.

S. E. Corner State and Center Streets.

SMOKELESS COAL

JUST THE NICEST YOU EVER SAW.

Also Pittson Egg and Chestnut,
LeHigh Valley--all sizes, Scranton--all sizes.
And Massillon, Raymond City, Sedalia and
Hocking Coal

AT S. E. DeWOLFE'S.

WILLIMANTIC
STAR ★ THREAD
Is pre-eminently the best spool cotton for hand sewing or machine sewing. It is the strongest thread made; it is free from knots, kinks, fuzz or ravels; is always uniform in quality, thickness and strength. It never breaks itself or breaks the needle, never puckers the seams or throws the tension out of order. It costs no more than poorer kinds of thread. Ask your dealer for it.
Send 24c and receive 6 spools of three (any color or number) together with 4 bobbins for your machine (ready wound) and an instructive ebook on thread and sewing. Free.
WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO. Willimantic, Conn.

HABERMAN HARDWARE.

Tools and Bicycles, 107 S. Main, Marion, Ohio.

The PRENDERGAST LUMBER & COAL CO.

HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF LUMBER AND COAL

PHONE 8 OUR SPECIALTY EVERYTHING.

FAG OF A FIND.

A Pair Qualified To Beat Anything in the Game.

Quite a chain of coincidences attended the birth of two youngsters on north Main street saturday afternoon and evening.

About half past three o'clock Mrs. George Frey presented her husband with a bouncing baby and a few hours Mrs. Chas Stoll did likewise.

Both babies were boys, both were first born children they are cousins both weighed nine pounds, both were born on February 29, neither will have a birthday for eight years the mothers of the babies are sisters and both mothers were born on the same day.

Of course both Mr. Frey and Mr. Stoll are elated and have ordered large sized hats for use for the next month or two.

Other coincidences may be figured out, ad infinitum, but at present the dominant thought presenting itself will be the novelty of two mothers starting out, eight years hence, to buy clothes adapted to sons eight years old for birthday presents to celebrate the first anniversary of their respective son's birth.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES

Made Annual Settlement This Morning at Clerk Osbun's Office.

The township trustees met at the office of Township Clerk Osbun this morning and made their regular annual settlement with the township supervisors, clerk and treasurer.

The report of the clerk showed that March 1, 1895, there was in the township treasury $1363 03; that the treasurer received $7 75 83 from the county treasurer September 1, 1895, and from the same source $1432.28, February 27, making a total of $3475 66.

During the year the trustees paid out $1820 08, leaving a balance in the treasury March 2, 1896, of $1445 53. The settlement makes a very good showing for the year.

LOCAL MENTION.

Tic Tac Minstrels. 84t2

Wall paper at Robinson & Son's.

The seats for the Tic Tac Minstrels are going fast.

Gold and spangle belts, the latest, 49c up, at Yake's. 84-t2

What is Ohio's company? The Union Central. Smith & Carson, Agents.

Wall paper—designs of 1896—from 5c to $1 per roll. Robinson & Son.

Look out for the illuminated parade of the Tic Tac minstrels Tuesday evening.

What state has never had a company writing life insurance go to the wall? Ohio. 83-etf

Narrow-made, leather belts, a few "import order" samples 25c up at Yake's. 84-t2

Paul Gettum will be in the city with a full line of spring goods Wednesday, March 1st. 85t2

The celebrated Maple Hill lump coal for sale by Linsley & Lawrence. Telephone No. 6. 83-tf

What state compels an official examination of its life insurance companies each and every year? Ohio.

The plat for Tic Tac tickets is at Martin & Wiley's. It's going to be a great show. March 2, Y. M. C. A.

With 3,5000 rolls from which to choose it's a certainty that Robinson & Son can please you in wall paper.

The best of security, the best of management, the lowest death rate and highest interest rate—the Union Central has all of these. 83etf

The time is here when that dingy old wall can be tolerated no longer. See the beautiful designs in wall paper at Robinson & Son's. 84t2

Dr. Squires, of Chicago, will be at Dr Raffensperger's dental parlors all day tomorrow (Tuesday) to extract teeth absolutely without pain. 1tp

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian church will hold a business meeting and social next Thursday evening. An excellent musical program has been arranged. Admission free.

Money saved is money made. You can save 20 per cent. by buying street car tickets in place of paying cash fares. Children and adult tickets always on sale at Flocken's drug store. 75-e-t6

What companies have to pay 2½% tax on every dollar of premiums collected in Ohio? Everyone but the Union Central. Who pays the tax? In the end the policyholder, of course.

The Mask and Wig club rehearsals every night this week at the Peters home with the exception of Tuesday night when the rehearsal will be dispensed with that the cast may attend the Tic Tac minstrels.

What company will do more to accommodate its policy holders in the payment of their premiums than any other company? The Union Central, as thousands of policy holders will testify. SMITH & CARSON, General Agents. 83-e-tf

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Mrs. J. Soulier, of Farming street, is quite ill.

Gus Mosier, of Perrysburg, is in the city on business today.

Miss Florence Douglas entertains the Cinch club tonight.

M. B. Chase, guardian of Reno McCafferty, filed second account.

The commissioners were in regular quarterly session today approving bills.

Big Four train No. 17, due here at 6.15 a. m., was seven hours late today.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Maloney, of west Center street, a twelve pound baby boy.

Maude Stoltz entertained the Kookies very delightfully at her home on Prospect street, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shuler, of George street, are happy over the arrival of a ten pound boy at their home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Webber, of east Center street, are the happy parents of a baby daughter, weighing nine pounds, which arrived this morning.

The STAR erred slightly Saturday in saying that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mitchell celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell have only been married a year.

The funeral of Mrs. Katharine Hagerty, the aged lady who died at the home of her son five miles west of this city, Saturday, occurred at St. Mary's church at 10 o'clock this morning, Rev. Father Burns officiating, and the remains were placed in the vault at the Marion cemetery.

The Y. M. C. A. has received a carload of coal, a donation by the Hocking mines. The C., S. and H. railway hauled the fuel to Marion free of expense. Here the Implement Manufacturing company's wagons were utilized without cost and the coal placed in the cellar of the Y. M. C. A.

POLICE COURT NEWS

Thomas Dalton arrived Saturday from Cork, Ireland. Thomas met friends in the city and also an enemy known as John Barleycorn. Thomas got on a joyful jag and was locked up at the city prison, but was released Saturday night.

The city prison was occupied by a sick man Saturday and Sunday nights. His name is W. D. Frank. He is suffering with consumption and was on his way east. The fellow was in a pretty bad physical condition and elicited the sympathy of the officers.

Marshal Blake found a little tot, not two years old, wandering alone on Prospect street this afternoon. The officer took the little one up in his arms and began the search for the mother. The child had wandered from the parental roof tree on Center street down through the principal business part of the city undisturbed.

Officer Hickman Saturday night caught Dan Fritz's White Pigeon saloon open after 10 o'clock, contrary to the ordinance governing saloon closing. Fritz was told to appear before the mayor this morning, but up to this afternoon he had not appeared and officers were sent out after him. He will probably have a hearing this evening.

Want a Change of Districts.

A plan is on foot by which Union county will be placed in the second sub-division of the tenth judicial district with Marion, Logan and Wyandot. There will be a meeting soon of the representatives of the several counties and should it be thought advisable the matter will be presented to the legislature for consideration. The Marysville Tribune in commenting on the matter says "another feature that commends the plan to Union county is the fact that under the new order of things we would not be wholly at the mercy of Logan county in making nominations, as at present."

New Guess.

Says the Bucyrus Telegraph: "Bucyrus is to lose one of its most handsome ladies before next winter's snow flies, but there is a consolation in knowing that our near neighbor Marion will be the gainer thereby. The young man in the case is already having a handsome residence built."

Infant's Death.

The eleven-days-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Soulier, of Farming street died at an early hour this morning after a short illness.

The funeral will occur tomorrow morning at the house, the bereaved parents at 10 o'clock and it is expected that Rev. Bishop will officiate.

Gold and spangle belts, the latest, 49c up, at Yake's. 84-t2

WARNER & EDWARDS.

Cloak and Suit Department.

The Ready To Wear Idea Is Steadily Gaining

You can walk into our suit department, select your suit, have it fitted to you, walk out of the store transformed, tailor-made and happy. WILL YOU DO IT?

SWELL, JAUNTY COSTUMES

In the Correct Materials: Mohairs, Cheviots, Fancy Mohairs, Jacquards, Crepons, Diagonals.

Separate Skirts AT $2.25, 3.50, 4.50, 5.00, 7.50, 10.00

They hang perfectly,
They are full,
They are
Well lined.

Warner & Edwards.

A SAD CASE.

A Mother Distracted by Grief by the Ruin of Her Imbecile Daughter.

Report of a very pitiable case comes from Grand township.

Mrs. Anna Henry, a very worthy lady of that township, residing near the Hardin county line, has become almost frantic over a misfortune happening to her twenty-two-year-old daughter.

For some time physicians have been treating the daughter, who is an imbecile, for a tumor, but lately it was discovered that she was soon to become a mother, and the latter part of last week a healthy child was born to her.

The discovery drove the mother frantic, and no wonder, and unless her case takes a turn for the better it is probable that the poor, distracted mother will be placed in some institution where she may be treated and her mind restored.

The case is a most sad one and the girl's mental condition is such that she is not able to tell who is the author of her ruin.

The Gym Contests.

At the gymnasium contest at the Y. M. C. A. Saturday night, Paul Miller took first in the running high jump, clearing the rope at 4 feet 10 inches. Charles Peaden second at 4 feet 8 inches and Roy Owen third at 4 feet 6 inches.

In the bar vault Victor Gilmore vaulted 7 feet 4½ inches and T. M. Cunningham, Paul Miller and Harry Vestal were tied at 6 feet 4¼ inches.

It is the intention of Physical Director Whyte to give these contests every Saturday evening, and for next Saturday evening the 7th, scores will be made for standing broad jump, stretch kick and high dive.

Look Here.

A policy was issued in 1876 for $2000 by the Union Central Premium, each year for ten years, $102 14.

Total payments in ten years, $1021 30, and in just twenty years the party received $2076.30, making, practically, $2 02 for each $1 00 paid, and he had his twenty years' insurance besides, it not only proving good protection, but a splendid savings bank, free of tax besides. See Smith & Carson, Agents. 83-etf

Bo-Peep Club.

On Saturday afternoon at the home of Geneva Wynant, on Mt. Vernon avenue, the little shepherdesses went after their straying sheep. After business then came pleasure in games and refreshments. Every member was present, as follows: Mildred Christian, Alice Dombaugh, Isabella Freeland, Clara Fisher, Grace Seffner, Marjorie Stowe, Mary Johnson, Geneva Wynant and Delmar Johnson.

W. R. C. Meeting.

It is desired that all members of the W. R. C. be present at the regular meeting in their hall in Masonic block, on Tuesday afternoon, March 3, at 2 o'clock sharp. New members are to be initiated and important business transacted. SECRETARY.

Notice C. K. of O.

There will be a special meeting of branch No. 41, C. K. of O., this Monday evening at 7 o'clock to make arrangements to attend funeral of Bro. C. F. Lake, deceased, of branch No. 7, at Galion, O. By order of PRESIDENT.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

HIGHEST GRADE, Recommended by the Best Bakers to make the Whitest and Sweetest .. BREAD Obtainable. Use

"B" PRIDE OF MARION FLOUR.

UHLER, PHILLIPS & CO.

Whether YOUR Thoughts

Turn to a new spring frock or to the saving of more than half in a medium weight fall and winter garment, quite suitable for spring wear, your best interests will be served here, for the opening and closing specials have no equals. Your dollars will secure more style, service and value than at any other place.

SPECIAL SALE OF EMBROIDERIES

Will attract great attention next week. It is not hard to buy at these ridiculously low prices:
Beautiful wide effects in Cambric Embroideries 8c yd.
Beautiful wide effects in Cambric Embroideries 10c yd.
Beautiful wide effects in Cambric Embroideries 12½c yd.
Beautiful very wide effects in Cambric Embroideries 15c yd.
Beautiful very wide effects in Cambric Embroideries at 18c yd.
Beautiful very wide effects in Cambric Embroideries 25c yard.
Nainsook Embroideries 5c, 8c, 10c and 12½c yd.
Swiss Embroideries 5c, 8c, 10c and 12½c yd.
Narrow Beading and pretty wide Margins all at special prices.
It will pay you this season to buy your Embroideries of Uhler, Phillips & Co.

THE SALE OF TORCHON LACES A GREAT SUCCESS.

Lovely Linen Laces at 5c yd.
Lovely Linen Laces at 10c yd.
Lovely Linen Laces at 12½c yd.
Lovely Linen Laces at 25c yd.
Hundred of New Novelty Bands and All-overs Monday.

NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS ARE LOVELY

And selling quickly at our early prices. Fancy Nets, Garnitures, Spangle Bands, Soutz and Jet Effects. Dress Trimmings a specialty next week. Come and look at them, you need not buy.

STOCKS ALL REORGANIZED FOR EARLY SPRING TRADE.

New goods, the prevailing attractions, in connection with which we maintain our reputation as the GREAT BARGAIN CENTER.
New Dress Ginghams, worth 10c, at 5c yd.
New Seersuckers, worth 12½c, at 5c yd.
Thousands of yards fine Percales, choice styles, 10c and 12½c yd.
Fine Sateens, beautiful patterns, 12½c yd.

COTTONS—TO INDUCE EARLY TRADING

We offer our entire stock of Cottons and Domestics at special prices, in many cases below actual wholesale value. All the leading makes.
Fine Cambric Muslin 8½c worth 12½c.
Fine Finish of the Loom Cambric 8c, worth 10c.
Lonsdale Cambric 10c yd.
Berkeley extra Cambric 12½c yd.
Unbleached 9-4 Sheeting 12½c yd.
Bleached 9-4 Sheeting 18c yd.
18-Inch Bleached Pillow Casing 11c yd.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

Another week's advance in the season has been witness of increased activity in their receipt and disposal at U., P. & Co.'s where the shirt waist has its home.

Percale Shirt Waist, perfectly made and laundered—dark and light colors in the latest materials with the new full sleeves, at 50c

Lawn and PERCALE WAISTS, with bishop sleeves, collar attached or detached, checks or stripes, figures or plain colors—every size and a perfection of style unattainable in any other waists, at $1

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